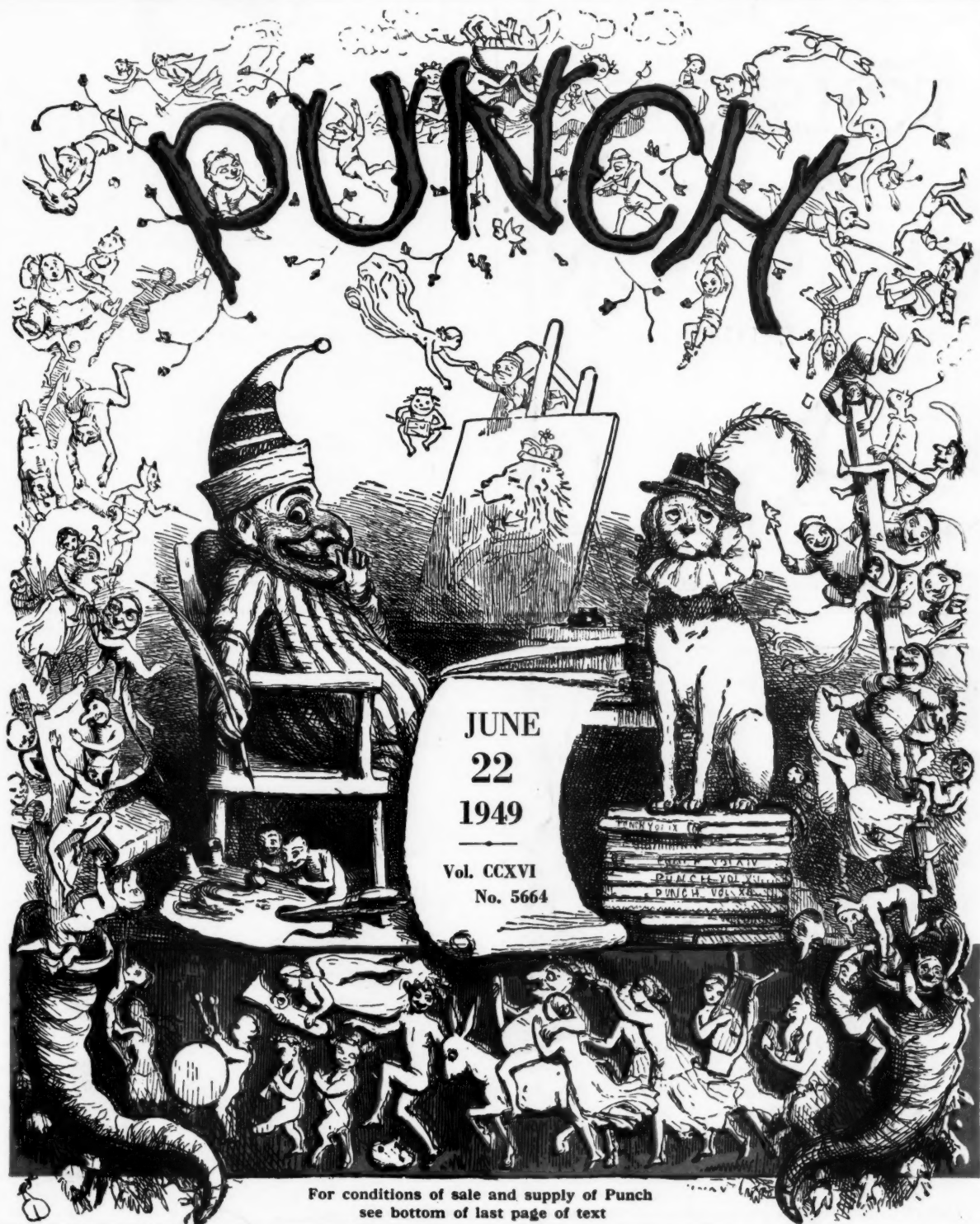


JUL - 8 1949

# DUNLOP *The World's Master Tyre*



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

Fit **Triplex**—and be safe  
Regd

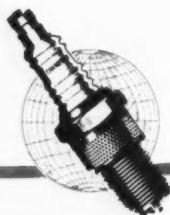


# ROLLS-ROYCE

*are supplied with*

# CHAMPION

## PLUGS



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED, FELTHAM MIDDLESEX



# IMPERIAL LEATHER

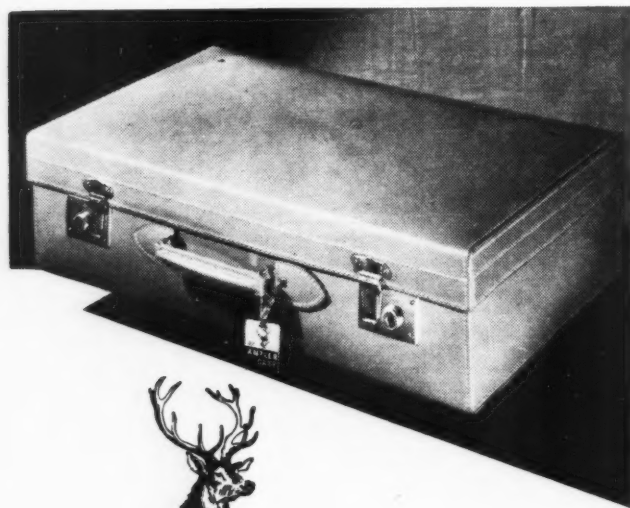
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Available in a delightful Golden Tan shade.

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with power  
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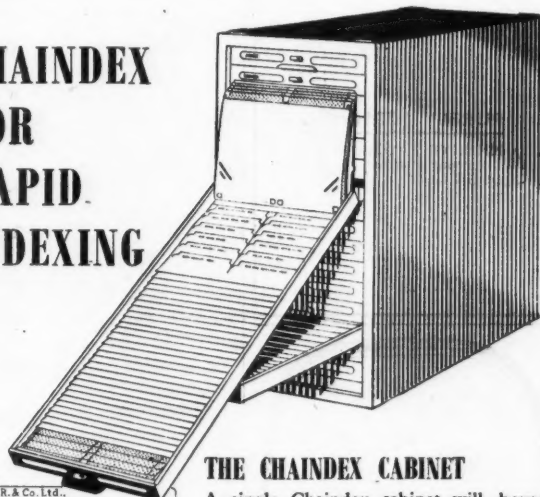
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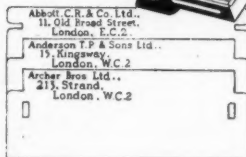
Enquiries and reservations from all Air Travel Agents, or K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines, 202/4 Sloane Street, S.W.1 (Tel: Kensington 8111) and at Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin.

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To set up a Chaindex system you type your index information, link the cards together, and insert the chain of cards in a pocket behind a title strip which carries the first name in the pocket as an index.

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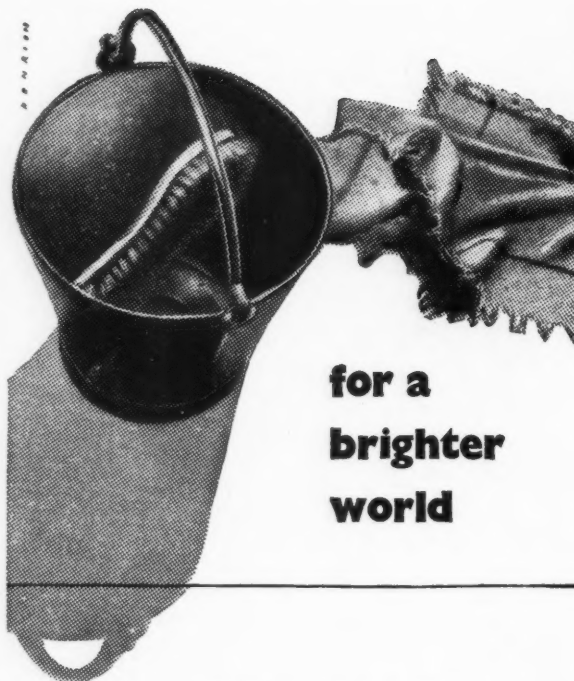
ANNIE GET YOUR GUN—  
someone's at my King Six  
Cigars (1/7 each).

however  
you travel

BY RAIL, ROAD, AIR OR SEA  
**'TRAVIKALM'**  
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will prevent  
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FROM ALL CHEMISTS 1/6<sup>d</sup>



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BEST TODAY • STILL BETTER TOMORROW

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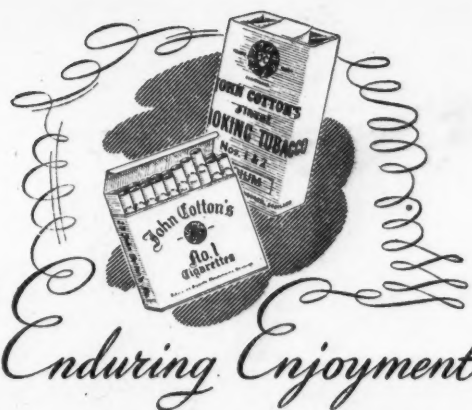


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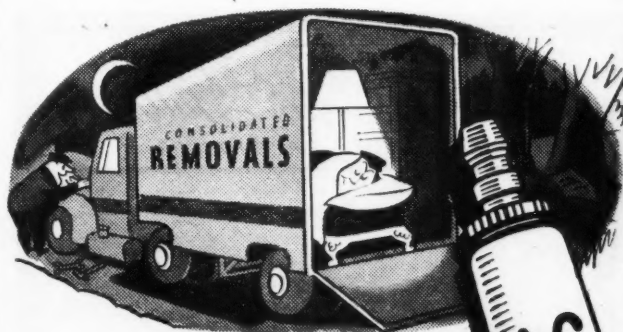
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| ★ No. 1 Cigarettes .. .. .               | 3/10 for 20 |

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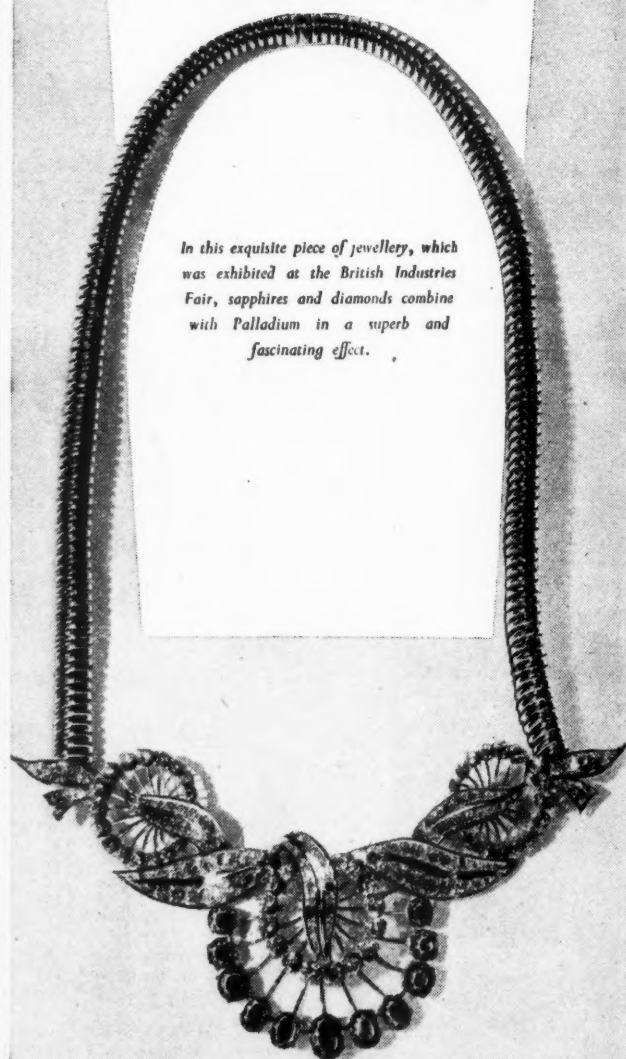
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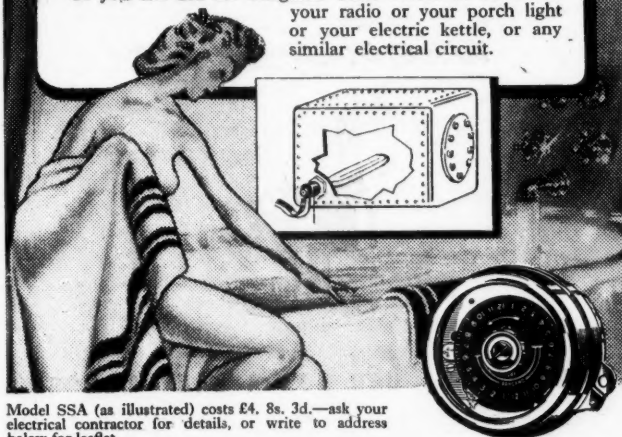
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The Mond Nickel Company Limited  
Sunderland House, Curzon Street, London, W.1

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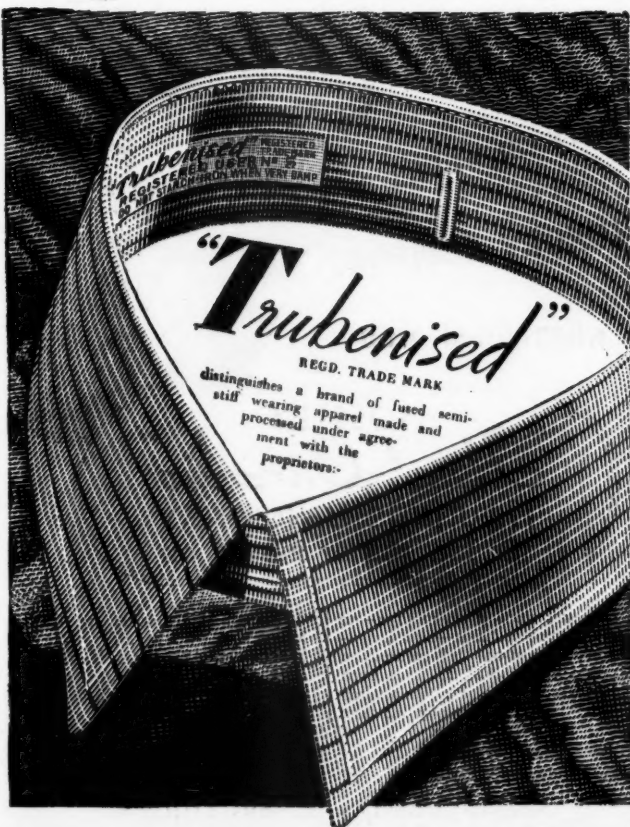
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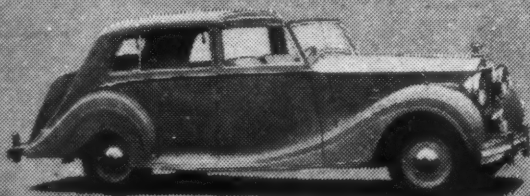
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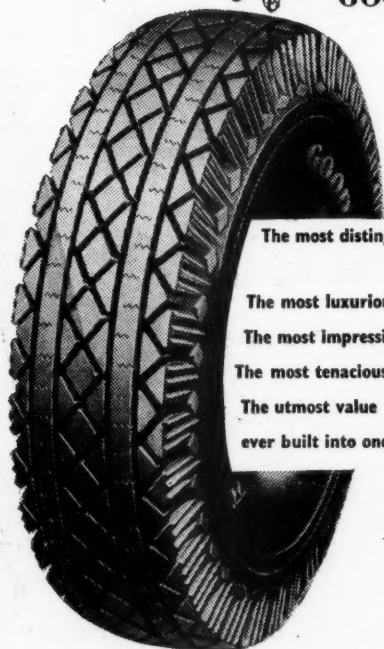
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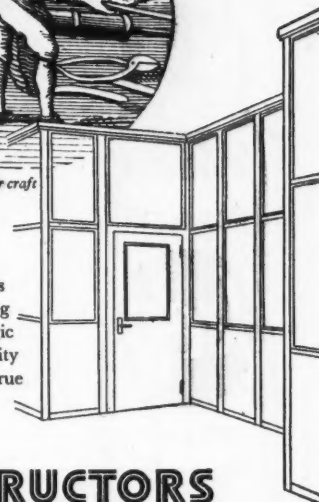
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How well they go together—

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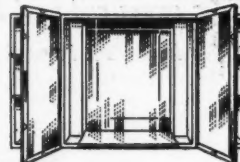
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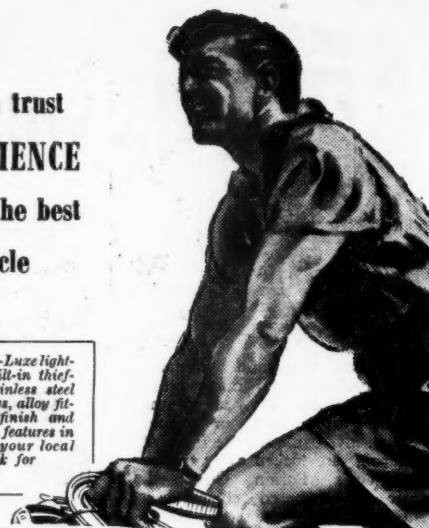
(2) *Every Ford product is backed by the Nationwide Ford Dealer Service Facilities . . . ready at all times with Ford-trained mechanics, Ford-approved tools and methods, and fixed low prices for spares and mechanical repairs to keep your Ford constant in performance.*

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**EXPERIENCE**  
to build the best  
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**GREYS**

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**Just honest-to-goodness  
tobacco**

Plain or cork-tipped  
'Greys' will always appeal  
to those smokers who ask  
of a cigarette that it shall  
be pleasant and satisfying.



Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd



Vol. CCXVI No. 5664

June 22 1949

## Charivaria

A PARTY of Socialist M.P.s on a walking-tour were accused of trespassing on private property—which, of course, for the moment it is.

"Wireless set, 5-valve, perfect; can be heard; £7."

*Advt. in provincial paper*

There's always some snag.

A householder who is puzzled by his increased light bills fears that they may get bigger still when the Electricity Board is in a position to show a profit equal to that of the Post Office.

The labour position is complicated, it seems, by the fact that in some cases employees refuse to go back because there is no official strike ready for them.

Chiropodists want to participate in the National Health Service. One suggestion is that shooting-sticks should be prescribed to take the weight off the feet in fish queues.



"When he was in Canada last year your Prime Minister, Mr. Costello, created an impression on the Canadian people that no other Irishman, not even Mr. de Valera, succeeded in doing in the past. They were struck by his modest ability and sincerity of purpose."—*"Irish Times"*

What's Mr. de Valera's rating then?

A burglar who broke into an Essex house and shaved himself with the owner's electric razor was caught when a baby-sitter in the nursery gave the alarm. He was interfering with the television reception.

"New Gold Silk Spread and Eiderdown cost £21. Exchange for Twins or Sell Reasonably."—*Advt. in "Manchester Evening News"*  
Why not exchange reasonably too?

"M. Pavlov came out twice more to give a running commentary on the debate. He said that the Western Foreign Ministers 'found all sorts of excuses for not taking up the plan.' Mr. Ceheson, he said, was irritated. Mr. Bevin was nevrvenu."—*Daily paper*

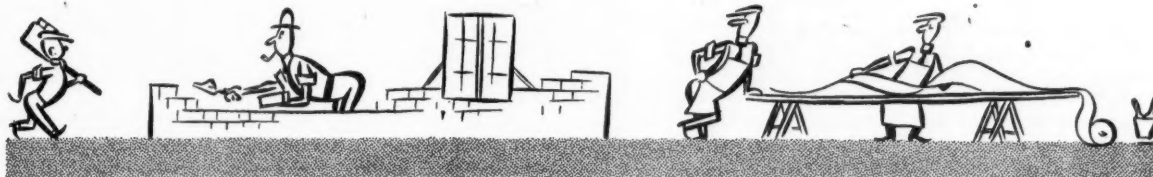
And whose fault might that be?



A correspondent reports that on putting a penny in a What The Butler Saw slot-machine he found he could see nothing. It is only fair to say that butlers sometimes make the same complaint.

A doctor who has attended several foreign visitors under our free health service says that many of their complaints can be cured immediately. By prescribing a strict diet of British rations, for instance.

Supplies of wallpaper are increasing. In fact it is suggested that production might be slowed down to let the walls catch up.





## Vesting Day

**T**O-DAY I was fully nationalized. They came to my garden gate,  
 They said that my life was once my own, but now it belonged to the State.  
 It seems I had once a body and soul, though the latter had owned its Lord,  
 But now they were mine no longer; they had vested me in a Board.  
 I asked them who was the master now of my body and my soul,  
 And they said that the Board had granted me a measure of self-control;  
 But the Minister's eye was on me. He would surely have me sacked  
 If I did not live in conformity with the Clauses of the Act.  
 I asked them to read the Act to me, and then I would do my best.  
 They stared in extreme astonishment, they laughed like men possessed.  
 They patted me on the shoulder, they said that I must not fret;  
 The Act was passed in entirety, but it was not drafted yet.  
 They had made one great concession (they said in a kindly tone):  
 My income had been nationalized, but my debts were still my own.

My debts were my private property, they must all be fully paid,  
 But I must not beg nor borrow nor steal, nor make a profit in Trade.

O Sirs, I said, you are very kind to a sinner such as I,  
 But how can I hope to pay my debts if I cannot sell and buy?

They said I misunderstood them (and they sounded a trifle cross);

I might buy and sell as much as I liked, as long as I made a loss.

I said I should go and find a job, for I never was one to shirk;

But they said I must join a union before I could start to work.

And then, of course (as I should have known if I weren't such a blinking snob),

I couldn't belong to a union until I was in a job.

I was not allowed to go abroad, though I knew no useful trade,

For only the skilled could emigrate, and only the useless stayed.

I could draw my unemployment pay, and sit all day in the sun,

For now I was fully nationalized, and Justice Had Been Done.

R. P. LISTER

## The Bear in the Cinema

**N**O, no," said Reggie. "You must not say 'I went into a cinema one night, and there, to my surprise, was a bear, sitting directly in front of me.' The point of a shaggy dog story is that you are never surprised: you must accept everything, and leave the surprise for your audience."

I was annoyed. "How would you say it, then?" I demanded.

"I was sitting in a cinema one night, directly behind a bear"; or 'I was sitting in a cinema one night, and in the row in front of me were two school-children, a woman with a hat on, and a bear.' You see, you must put the bear on the level of normal occurrences; as if the oddity of its presence in a cinema would only be likely to strike abnormal people; such, by implication, as your audience."

"But you want attention on the bear, because the story is going to be about him. So I think my method is best."

"If it started raining mad dogs, and you had observed the fact," Reggie explained patiently, "you would resent someone saying 'Ooo! it's raining mad dogs!' The fact would be sufficient, and you would wish to run, not chatter. So if there is a bear in the cinema, your hearers require merely to observe the fact. They will then wish to proceed further, and can provide their own Ooos."

This was interesting. "Why not distract attention from the bear altogether, then? Why not say 'In front of me were sitting two school-children, a bear, and a most extraordinary-looking woman with wrinkles'?"

Reggie winced. "That is sheer affectation. It is as bad to be surprised at a woman as at a bear. You must accept both, concentrating your attention neither on the bear nor away from the bear."

"Anyway," I said, continuing the story, "there was a bear in the cinema. So naturally I asked the woman who appeared to own him whether she was in the habit of bringing her bear to see films."

"No, no, no," said Reggie. "You are out of the bear universe already. It must appear to strike you as perfectly normal that the bear should have come to see a film. Therefore you would not make a special inquiry about it. Also the bear would not have an owner, but a companion. 'During the interval I was chatting to the bear's companion, and happened to ask her how often the bear came to the cinema.' That is the sort of thing."

"Why don't you tell the story, then?" I asked, tired of his objections.

"Oh, don't be silly," said Reggie. "Where on earth would be the point if I told it?" And he dropped on all four pads and lumbered out of the room.



"BLIMEY—CLAY!"

## Labour Dispute

AS I clawed my way at last on to the gallery of flimsy planks I caught a glimpse of the City Road a hundred feet below. Hats with legs were crawling about down there. Sick, I threw my arms round a pale-blue pillar. It moved a few inches.

"Turn it up," said the man whose dungarees I was embracing. He did not actually try to shake me off, but on the other hand offered no assistance, continuing to lean against the upright of the third huge L in LOLLIES. I staggered over to the O and sat gratefully in its lower curve, taking out my notebook. I did not wish to be up there any longer than necessary.

"I'm—" I began, but the man interrupted.

"Fixed it, then?" He had fierce eyes and a brass collar-stud. He did not look at me, but away over London.

"Fixed?" I said

He eased his shoulders on the

upright and kicked a match-stick into space. "You're from the union?"

"No. The *Evening Planet*. My editor thought—"

A hoarse cry from above made me look up. Another man who had been reclining in the fork of the Y suddenly came shinning down. "At it again!" he cried. "Come on, Les!" Both men ran and craned over the abyss. "We'll only chuck it back!" shouted the other man, and added to his companion, "What say, Ernie?" Ernie nodded vehemently. "We'll chuck the 'ole perishing shoot back!" he screamed into the street.

I saw that a small pulley mounted outwards from the scaffolding had been revolving smoothly. Now it slowed and stopped. The two men jerked their heads triumphantly at each other and turned back to me.

"Who's he?" said Ernie, striking a match on the E.

"Newspapers," said Les.

"My editor," I said, "thought that as work on this job had been held up for a week, the public—"

"Oh," said Ernie. "He did, did he?" He winked at Les. "Interview, mate." They came and stood either side of my O. Ernie touched my shoulder.

"Take this down, mister. Here's me and Les. Skilled Constructional Letterers, four bob an hour, see?"

I jotted down Skld Cnstrctnl Ltrrs. "Four bob an hour," continued Ernie. "Right? Now then—"

"They're off again!" screamed Les suddenly. As the pair of them leapt to the edge Ernie took out a jack-knife and brandished it menacingly. "Want us to cut the flamin' rope?" he demanded into the depths. Leaning over perilously, Les shook his fist. Once more the revolving pulley came to rest, and for a few moments turned slowly the other way.

"Coming that lark!" said Ernie as the pair of them returned with malevolent backward glances.

"See?" said Les, stabbing a short forefinger at me. "Keep trying to send it up!"

"Who? Send what?" I asked.

"That lot down on the pavement," said Ernie, and spat innocuously over his shoulder. "Tryin' it on since last Tuesday, tryin' to send up a lump of what's-its-name—" He appealed to Les.

"Punctuation," obliged Les.

"What they call punctuation." Ernie was scornful. "Not like proper letters—well, *you* ought to know."

"Quite," I said. I shifted my position slightly; the curve of the O was flanged.

Ernie's voice rose a few tones, indignantly. "Round piece, it is. Big as a dartboard, and thick as you are. Thicker. It's a wotchercallit—a—"

"Full stop, full stop," said the literate Les.

"Ah," said Ernie, hoarsely. "Now, then, according to union rules, Skilled Constructional Letterers don't instal no punctuation, not without they get extra rates, see? Only letters, A, B, C, like, and that."

"Fair's fair," said Les.

"It's in the rules," said Ernie.

"Black-an'-white," said Les, and Ernie turned on him with mild ferocity. "Oh, you. Talking. What sort of a caper you led me with the oojah!"

"Oojah?" I jotted it down in full;





the devowelled version might defeat transcription.

"Sure, sure," said Ernie. He went striding over the springing boards, slapping each letter of LUTTLEY'S LOLLIES as he passed. When he came to the apostrophe he reached up on tip-toe and banged it shudderingly with the handle of his knife. "The oojah. This 'ere!"

"Comma, comma," said Les. "Where was you educated?" He added under his breath to me: "They was within their rights with the comma, but 'e don't like 'em." He took off his cap suddenly and struck at a pigeon trying to land on the top of the L. "Same as when 'im and me was installing WINGS FOR VICTORY outside Gorridges in the war. He carried on terrifyin' when they sent up the comma for the top of the S. Then some littery bloke come along an' says it ain't proper, so it was okay. But I'd an 'ell of a job talking him into this one."

"Oojahs is bad enough," said Ernie. I started. He had climbed quietly into the O behind me and stood with one foot either side of me. "But them lumbering great blobs—no, mister!"

"Ah," said Les, ingratiatingly—"An' they're a proper caution to fix, an' all."

"Too true," said Ernie. "Nothink to get 'old of. Now, you take a nice haitch, now; smashin' to 'andle, a nice haitch—"

"O's is nice," said Les. "Not one of these long, squashed-out perishers, I don't mean"—he kicked the O sharply—"but a real nice round O."

They looked thoughtfully, but on the whole tolerantly, along the length of LUTTLEY'S LOLLIES.

"Excuse me," I ventured. "There are just two points I don't quite see. If you're entitled to extra rates for full stops, why don't they pay them? The other point—"

"Ah, well," said Ernie. "Now you're on it. Error on the clerical side, that's what. Carelessness, draftin' the rules, see? All the others is listed, see, what we get extra for." He began to count on his fingers. "There's oojahs, then blobs-and-oojahs—"

"Semi-cool 'uns," interpreted Les.

"—Curlies-and-blobs—"

"Question-marks, he means."

"—Double blobs—"

"Cool 'uns."

"—and oo, ever so many. But some'ow they went and missed out the watchercallits—the plain blobs. Now I say"—he hammered the O rapidly with his knife-handle—"that plain blobs is punctuation, whether some twerp's forgot to put it in the union rules or not, see?"



"Oughtn't we to send our 'arrived safely' telegram now—in case anything happens?"

"And I'm with 'im," said Les, staunchly, "on that." He looked at me. "And the other point?"

"Merely," I said, "that Luttley's Lollies doesn't need a full stop anywhere. That's all."

In the silence they both stared at me.

"Get away?" they said incredulously.

I nodded, putting away my book. "And you can tell anyone," I said firmly, "that the *Evening Planet* says so."

Ernie wiped his knife slowly on the seat of his dungarees, closed it and put it in his pocket. I rose, swaying a little. "Steady, steady," said Les, taking my elbow.

Ernie, with a new tenderness, took the other.

"See you down safe," he said. "I want to see their faces when they 'ear how they've been squandering the nation's manpower." He spat through the distant uprights of the U. "Plain blobs!" he said.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



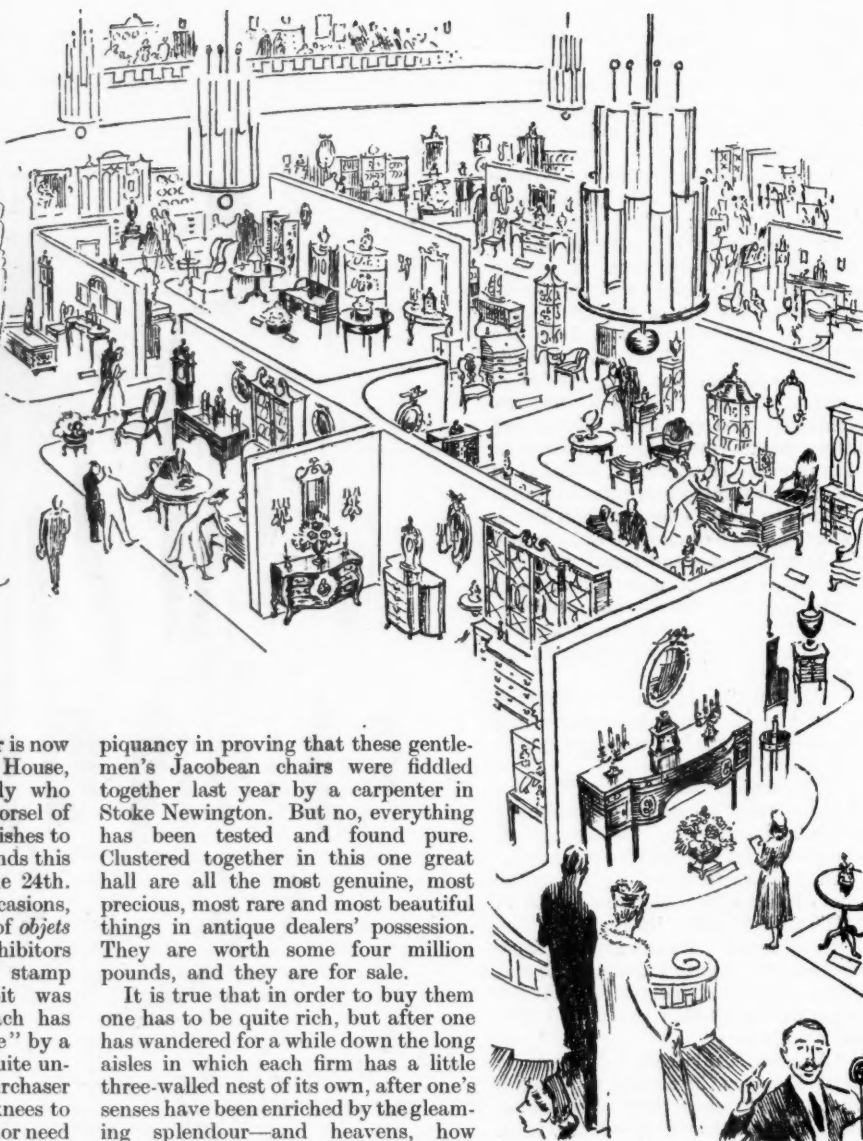
## ANTIQUE DEALERS • FAIR •

THE Antique Dealers' Fair is now being held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, and anybody who knows a bit of boule from a morsel of marqueterie or, not knowing, wishes to do so, will see to it that he attends this admirable function before June 24th. For here, as on nine other occasions, there is assembled a collection of *objets d'art* sponsored by a hundred exhibitors and branded with the sacred stamp of authenticity. Each exhibit was fashioned before 1830 and each has been proved a "genuine antique" by a panel of experts, so that it is quite unnecessary for the would-be purchaser to get down on his hands and knees to study the underside of a table, nor need he seek suspiciously on a fifteenth-century spoon for the words "Made in Sheffield." Every item large and small has been prodded, poked, peered at through microscopes, disembowelled and discussed. In a way this is a bit of a disappointment, for it would be rather nice for a change to find furniture other than one's own which was faked. So many gentlemen have informed us in the past that our William Kent tables were not William Kent tables, that our Constables were not Constables and that our sapphires were zircons that, though not revengeful by nature, there would be a certain

piquancy in proving that these gentlemen's Jacobean chairs were fiddled together last year by a carpenter in Stoke Newington. But no, everything has been tested and found pure. Clustered together in this one great hall are all the most genuine, most precious, most rare and most beautiful things in antique dealers' possession. They are worth some four million pounds, and they are for sale.

It is true that in order to buy them one has to be quite rich, but after one has wandered for a while down the long aisles in which each firm has a little three-walled nest of its own, after one's senses have been enriched by the gleaming splendour—and heavens, how everything gleams!—the value of the pound seems even more ephemeral than usual. The atmosphere of more spacious days seeps through the eyes into the brain, and it is hard not to assume the attitude of a patron of the arts, rich and ready to toss down a bag of golden sovereigns for some bauble. In other words, it is extremely easy to lose one's head.

As every item in the collection is worthy of a full-length article of its own, and as each period here represented has its devotees, the task of whetting the reader's appetite for such rare fare



should not be difficult, unless of course the reader cares only for twentieth-century *objets d'art* or, of course, only for dog-racing. The predominant theme of this exhibition is Regency, the cult of which never dies, although ye olde Tudor with its refectory table and slightly warped footstool, and ye less olde Queen Anne with its walnut chest of drawers run it very close. There are some truly exquisite pieces of Regency furniture, the graceful lines of which make one suddenly so extraordinarily happy. For instance, there is a rose-

wood bookcase garnished with sphinxes which is so completely satisfactory that were it not ten feet wide and eight feet high one would pawn one's mother's soul to possess it. Then, again, there is a rare cabinet, also made of rosewood, which has, as a unique feature, a hand-painted plaque with a view of Rome in the middle of the door. This is not so large, but would be harder to live up to. Dancing be-bop near it in a pair of slacks would be unthinkable. There are wall mirrors capped with eagles, candelabra over which curve gilded lilies, candlesticks on which cupids riot, clocks upon which lambs rest and suns blaze and warriors fight, and there are urns and centrepieces of extreme elegance which fire the imagination to a foolish degree.

It is, in fact, impossible to avoid mentally refurbishing one's home. Why not, after all, have a tiny Regency flat? Or perhaps, to be more exact, a tiny flat full of enormous Regency furniture? The price of this noble clock on which sits a mandarin encircled by golden boughs is merely two hundred and twenty-five pounds. A bagatelle! We could sell the car. Or look, supposing we had this Louis XVI bureau cabinet with its lovely smooth shining roll top and that tall bit above chased with ormolu and those nice little drawers in which to hide bills? And that work-table with lyre-shaped legs? And all round the room we could hang those strange enchanting Chinese

mirror pictures which would serve a dual purpose by being both pictures and mirrors—artistic appreciation as one powdered one's nose? We will have that pair of Adam glass candelabra and the Spode garniture *de cheminée*, and if we buy that Worcester tea-service, the one that is delicately patterned in mauve, pink and turquoise blue, we could have the Prime Minister to tea. As a matter of fact we could have the whole Cabinet and all the Under-Secretaries, too, as the set consists of thirty-eight pieces, but that might be unwise as one never knows, life and politics being what they are to-day, when a cup might not fall from a hand palsied with writing circulars.

So one goes on, strolling from one shop to another, pausing to look at Georgian lustres or Elizabethan jugs, stopping amazed before a five-thousand-years-old camel which is not, incidentally, for sale, and the stealing of which from a Chinese tomb has prevented an emperor from riding into the next world; staring at William III ewers and Meissen teapots, leaning heavily on cases full of ravishing snuff-boxes, trying not to sit on Heppelwhite chairs—for sight-seeing is an exhausting business—passing rather quickly by the pictures which on the whole are poor, rejoicing that one has not the least desire to buy a carved wooden figure of the Goddess of Mercy belonging to the

silver, pewter, marble and shagreen; glass, china, precious stones; every mineral and every wood is here, shaped by the hands of artists long before the conveyor belt was invented or plastic became the order of the day.

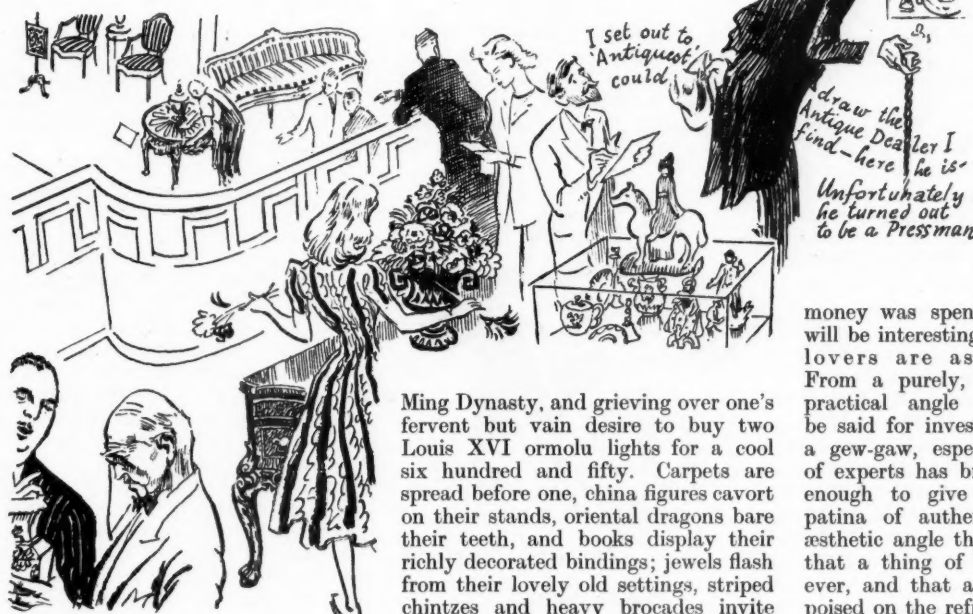
Yet in the general rejoicing that so much that is lovely should be congregated in one spot, there cannot fail to be heard the tolling of three mournful bells. One rings for the passing of the house, with the attendant jettisoning of anything large such as sideboards, bookcases and bureaux in favour of Government desks or hospital cots; the second rings for the passing of gracious living with its moribund ally generous spending; the third tolls for the passing of the craftsman, the man who loved his labour and the fruits of his hands, who took a month to chase one flower on a vinaigrette and was too busy and proud and happy to notice when it was time to knock off for tea.

The shadow of another life, when the rich were so much happier than they are now, lies across the hall of Grosvenor House, and one wonders who will buy these expensive objects and where they will take them when

they do. The larger pieces of furniture must surely remain homeless until the Dark Age in which we live yields, as it certainly will in future cycles of time, to another Renaissance, and let us hope the smaller *objets d'art* will fall into kindly and appreciative hands, even if these are appended to bodies residing in pre-fabs of particularly repellent aspect. Last year a large sum of

money was spent at the Fair. It will be interesting to see whether art-lovers are as affluent this year. From a purely, or rather impurely practical angle there is much to be said for investing one's money in a gew-gaw, especially when a gang of experts has breathed over it long enough to give it an indisputable patina of authenticity. From the aesthetic angle there can be no doubt that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, and that a bit of Bristol glass poised on the refrigerator adds lustre, in every sense of the word, to life.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM



Ming Dynasty, and grieving over one's fervent but vain desire to buy two Louis XVI ormolu lights for a cool six hundred and fifty. Carpets are spread before one, china figures cavort on their stands, oriental dragons bare their teeth, and books display their richly decorated bindings; jewels flash from their lovely old settings, striped chintzes and heavy brocades invite a preference. Mahogany, pinewood, walnut, oak, ebony and ivory; gold,



## At the Pictures

Key Largo—The Lady Gambles

THE film adaptation of MAXWELL ANDERSON's *Key Largo* (Director: JOHN HUSTON) does not, except at the beginning and towards the end, use much more in the way of sets than the play can have used; but it does not on that account seem cramped or stagey.

I saw it after reading one or two reviews, and I must say I was agreeably surprised. I had been led to believe that it was so overloaded with pretentious talk as to be wearisome, and it did not at all give me that impression. This is not because the talk—and there is plenty of it—has any very significant thoughts to express; we have heard before, several times, the sentiments of the returned soldier confronted by evidence of reviving power in an exponent of the kind of villainy that he believed his war had been fought to crush. At the root, probably, of the film's power to hold the attention are the simple, time-honoured devices of physical suspense. Will the good people, imprisoned by the bad people, turn the tables and defeat them? The bad people are gangsters who descend on an isolated hotel on one of the Florida Keys and terrorize the occupants (who thus become the good people, by simple contrast). One of the latter is the returned soldier (HUMPHREY BOGART), "just passing through"; he wins in the end, in a perhaps not very credible, but still exciting, action scene on the boat the gangsters have forced him to take away for them. Before this there has been much discussion between both sides, which we are to understand—once action, physical success, has set the seal on it—rids the gloomy soldier of his disgust with the world. It is an interesting film: the discussion, though not new or profound, is made easy to assimilate by a constantly moving camera, and by the spirited performance of EDWARD G. ROBINSON as the principal villain. There is a first-rate, bitter, touching little portrait by CLAIRE TREVOR in the minor part of an ageing blonde.

The credit titles of *The Lady Gambles* (Director: MICHAEL GORDON)

may warn the observant that a load of "psychology" is coming up: they are written across a background of receding planks and little clouds, like a Dali or Paul Nash dream. But it is quite a time before any reference is made to the alleged psychological reason for



[Key Largo]

### One for the Rogue

Johnny Rocco—EDWARD G. ROBINSON; Frank M'Cloud—HUMPHREY BOGART; Nora Temple—LAUREN BACALL; James Temple—LIONEL BARRYMORE

the heroine's trouble, and indeed the doctor in charge of her at first emphasizes that he is not concerned with "anything wrong above the neck." For most of the picture, the lady gambles; we see her gambling, at Las Vegas and elsewhere—the gambling facilities at Las Vegas are explored with great thoroughness, and a note at the beginning thanks the authorities there for their help. It seems that the

lady's craving to gamble can't be got rid of till she understands that her possessive unmarried sister is ruining her life; and here again, "psychology" or not, the climax has to be one of physical action (she is just prevented from jumping off a window-sill). Why this should cure her is not exactly clear, but it rounds things off after a fashion . . .

The film is nothing special, but BARBARA STANWYCK is good in the part of the obsessed young woman, and although there are no obviously striking visual effects the photography's workman-like efficiency helps to keep one's interest alive. Other things that do this are the excellent, lifelike handling of small shifting groups of people, some bright dialogue, and (for instance) a simple but remarkably effective sequence that works up excitement over a sensational shortening of the odds against a horse.

I should add as a footnote that this is certainly not a picture about racing—most of the gambling is brisk business with dice (some-

times loaded dice) and wheels.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

At the top of the London programmes I would still put last week's lot—*They Live By Night* and *The Window*, and *Yellow Sky* (which is now to be found at Victoria and in the Tottenham Court Road).

Further away, a trifle I didn't have room to notice is now going about: *The Perfect Woman*—a version of the stage farce about the professor who made an automaton looking like PATRICIA ROC. The odd thing is that though one might expect the worst, the picture is genuinely funny; it has bright lines, and three good comedians. More important works to note are *The History of Mr. Polly* (2/3/49), a worthy, enjoyable and pretty faithful version of the novel; *Another Part of the Forest* (16/3/49), which contrives to be a stimulating pleasure chiefly on the strength of crisp, ill-mannered argument among disagreeable characters; *The Accused* (13/4/49), an interesting murder story with powerful suspense; and *Passport to Pimlico* (11/5/49), which, as you know, is not to be missed.

RICHARD MALLETT



[The Lady Gambles]

### Finding the Lady

Joan Boothe—BARBARA STANWYCK  
Corrigan—STEPHEN McNALLY

## From the Chinese

### On the Stairway

I HAVE visited London,  
The capital of England.  
I have travelled on the railways  
Under the soil.  
I have stood for many hours  
Upon the moving stairways.  
Yes, there are stairways  
That carry the traveller  
Without effort or weariness  
From the bowels of the earth  
To the Upper Air.  
These are a wonder  
And a delight.  
I stand happily  
And am lifted to the top.  
And then, oblivious  
Of my purpose or appointments,  
I turn aside  
And happily descend again.  
A man can do this many times  
Without extra payment:  
I do.  
For it seems to me  
The perfect pleasure.  
So, I suppose,  
We shall float at last  
To the Celestial Places.

Lofty reflections  
Occupy my mind  
As I move up and down.  
There should be music.  
Unaccountably,  
There is not.  
But at the side of the stairways  
There are shining pictures  
Of entrancing women  
Drawing attention  
To the manufactures of the island.  
These are a distraction  
From lofty thoughts  
And tantalizing  
To the lower soul.  
One would wish  
To stop the stairway  
And study the appearance  
Of this lady or that.  
But no arrangements  
Have been made for this.  
So they flash past  
Like birds,  
Unattainable.  
But I can see  
That all the pictures  
Are designed  
To draw attention  
To the secret garments.  
All the ladies  
Have just got up,  
Or are about to go to bed.

Concerning what they wear  
In the streets  
During the day  
There seems to be small agitation



*"You get used to it, don't you, after the first fright."*

In England.  
But, gliding up and down,  
I receive the impression  
That all the manufacturers  
Are giving their minds,  
As one mind,  
Anxiously,  
To the secret garments  
Of the young girls,  
What they shall wear  
On their bosoms  
And below.  
It seems clear, also,  
That all the young girls  
Are in danger of expansion:  
For all are enjoined  
To encase their bodies  
In tight-fitting,  
Though elastic, armour.  
They resemble butterflies

In their cocoons.  
One is reminded  
Of instruments of torture.  
Another thing  
I have observed  
Upon the moving stairway—  
No manufacturer  
Cares very deeply  
What undergarments  
Are worn by the men.

A. P. H.

"The reason why no larger sum of money than £82 16s. 6d. was involved, was that the society had a system by which no more than £5 at any one time could be stolen by anyone in the society's employment."

*"Birmingham Mail"*

Make it guineas and we're interested.

## Suburbia Unmasked

A PLAY used to keep cropping up in the West End. It went under a different title each time, and it was by different playwrights, but it was virtually the same play whenever it appeared. It hasn't shown up for a long while, and I miss it. All I know about suburbia I learnt from this play.

To begin with, it seems that the average suburban family lives in a room described on the programme as a lounge. This is about thirty feet square, with french-windows opening on to a garden, where there are trees, lawns, tennis-courts—and probably stables, for all I know. A sweeping staircase leads up to eight or nine bedrooms. Apart from the stairs and windows, about four doors and assorted openings lead out of the lounge, an arrangement which must give the ordinary suburbanite a wonderful sense of freedom.

The furniture consists of a handful of settees, a baby-grand, and half a dozen occasional tables cluttered with decanters, cigars, and other oddments. There may also be a bookcase containing upwards of a hundred and fifty books, bound in leather, each about half a yard high.

Well, naturally, the suburbanites who live in this lounge—and they seem to spend most of their time there, although there must be the devil of a draught—are rather special. The men wear black jackets and striped trousers (except for dinner), and seem to work in the City. The younger ones are learning Dad's business, which they seem quite capable of doing without

setting foot out of the lounge from one year's end to another.

The older women wear hats all the time, and go in for long flowery afternoon dresses. The younger ones are either recently married to henpecked husbands, or head-over-heels in love with men twenty years their senior, and playing cat-and-mouse with the nice young man next door. (Next door, by my reckoning, must be a good twenty minutes away, through the rose-garden, between the shrubberies, over the pasture, and across the ornamental lake in a flat-bottomed boat.)

The only indication that any household work is necessary in this lounge place is the scene where someone flicks two cushions with a remarkably clean duster, looks around critically, and goes out to sleep it off.

Now I used to hear a lot about the steady, plodding home-life of suburbanites. But this play lays the whole thing wide open. Suburban life is one long, unbroken racket from morning to night. There are always at least six friends and relations staying in the house for a start, and every one of them is having either a feud or a love affair with one or more of the others. Then all kinds of people are apt to pop in for the week-end, in noisy cars. (By the time this play is well under way the ordinary suburban cars must be three deep on the gravelled drive outside.) Before you know where you are the lounge is stiff with people. Everybody starts falling in love with everybody else, and there is one very

funny scene (I think it happens three times during the course of the play) where two characters are discovered kissing by a third person who's come in to get a book because she can't sleep. The father gets himself into some shocking scrape with a vixen in high heels. A son elopes. Somebody gets surprisingly drunk on two glasses of sherry, uncovers a dreadful family secret, and is carried hiccupping to bed.

By the end of the second act they've all got themselves into such a complicated mess that it's a mercy when the curtain falls—on the biggest laugh of the evening: where a couple announce that they've been married since yesterday afternoon, so *there*; or where someone dashes a small Ming vase to the floor in a fit of suburban rage.

The chief character is the mother. She is the most irritating woman in the history of the Drama—and that includes the first, second and third witches in *Macbeth*. I suppose she fits into the play all right. She's crazy enough to have designed that *lounge*, for one thing. Anyway, her function is to sort everything out at the end—and I mean *everything*: every last detail she smooths out as neat and clean as a whistle.

The third act opens at breakfast time. Breakfast is frequently eaten in the lounge. (I shouldn't be surprised if they wash up the dishes there afterwards, too, if nobody's using the place for a game of badminton.) Now breakfast in Suburbia is no ordinary meal. For one thing, everyone comes down looking like death and growls at everyone else. Most of the characters refuse breakfast—because they're in love, or because they've got a hangover, or because they just damn well don't *want* any breakfast. This always seems a pity to me, because the ordinary suburban breakfast is quite a meal. You have a choice of about six dishes, ranging from boiled eggs to a mixed grill. Anyhow, while the other characters barge about as before, Ma sits down to a piece of toast and half a cup of coffee, and proceeds to solve the various problems one by one—two at a time when the thing seems to have run on long enough. Then everybody kisses everybody else, and Bob is everybody's uncle.

I tell you frankly, the first chance I get I'm going to move into one of those lounges, and be an ordinary suburbanite. And believe me, by the time I've finished it will take a good half-dozen of those mothers to disentangle *my* affairs.





# THE NEED FOR STANDARDIZATION

Why on earth can't car manufacturers introduce a little uniformity into their designs?

*Fourness*



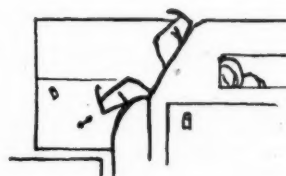
Why, for instance, does one have to get into a 1½-litre Vulture by facing the car, bending down, . . .



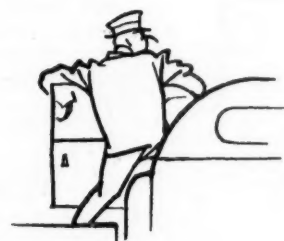
. . . lurching forward, and then giving a sudden quick roll over, . . .



. . . whereas in the Kiwi Ten one has to face away from the car, place the backward foot on the running board, lean slowly . . .



. . . backwards, and finally laboriously hoist oneself on to, the seat with one's hands, . . .



. . . while in the 30-horse Wombat one has to face towards the front, push the nearer leg as far as it will go into the interior, and then . . .



. . . brace the outer foot against the door and push oneself inwards and backwards until one meets the edge of the seat, . . .



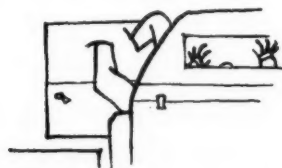
and in the Weasel 16 one has to face towards the back of the car, place the nearer foot on the running board, and . . .



. . . roll right over it and round it until one faces towards the front; . . .



why, again, must one enter a Poppet Eight by kneeling on the running board, placing one's hands on the floor of the car, gradually edging oneself . . .



. . . inwards until the feet are clear of the door frame, and then giving a quick twist round so that one finds oneself looking in the right direction, . . .



. . . when, with a Grand Panjandrum, one steps perfectly easily and simply right into it, until one . . .



. . . meets the little projecting bit just inside the top of the door-frame?



"Third floor—millinery department—far end."

## The Outing

**M**R. WILSON. I told the Vicar that we had been talking about an outing. He was very pleased, and said that he hoped that we would make our own arrangements.

**MRS. JONES.** I think it would be nice to go to the sea.

**MRS. SMITH.** I quite agree, so long as we do not go to Seawash. I cannot stand that place.

**MRS. JONES.** Why? What is wrong with Seawash?

**MRS. SMITH.** Everything. I lost my spectacles there for one thing.

**MRS. THOMPSON.** How was that? Tell us about it.

**MRS. SMITH.** There is really nothing to tell. I took them off and put them down on the sand whilst I ate my lunch. Then I went for a short paddle, and when I got back they were gone. And I had to pay for a new pair, because that was before Bevan gave them to us free.

**MRS. JONES.** I think we ought to go to Seawash; then perhaps we might find Mrs. Smith's glasses for her.

**MRS. SMITH.** No. I will not go there again.

**MRS. WILSON.** Well, it need not be Seawash. There are plenty of other places.

**MRS. THOMPSON.** Yes, I can tell you of a very nice place. George and I went there last year. It is called Dulham. It is just a little seaside village. And it is not one of those places where you have to dress up in your best. You can wear anything you like at Dulham, because not many people go there.

**MRS. JONES.** Why do so few people go there?

**MRS. THOMPSON.** I suppose that people have not heard of it.

**MRS. WILSON.** But if it is such a nice place you would have thought people would have heard of it. Are there good shops there?

**MRS. THOMPSON.** No. There is only the village shop, but it is a very good one. I bought a mop there, and George got some cigarettes.

**MRS. WILSON.** It does not sound the right place for me. I like to go where there is an Amusement Park, and cinemas, and a pier, and penny-in-the-slot machines.

**MRS. THOMPSON.** Leave the penny-in-the-slot machines out. I lost fourpence that way once.

**MRS. SMITH.** I was going to suggest that we go to London. There is always plenty to do there.

**MRS. JONES.** I do not think we ought to go to London. They tell me there are so many wicked people there.

**MRS. SMITH.** Well, and if there are. You need not be wicked.

**MRS. JONES.** Perhaps not; but you never know.

**MRS. THOMPSON.** I think we cannot decide to-night where we will go. We want to think it over. But I think we might fix the date to-night.

**MRS. SMITH.** But we cannot fix the date till we know where we are going; because we might find that we had gone there on early-closing day.

**MRS. JONES.** If we go by ourselves we shall be a very small party. I think it would be a good plan to ask the Women's Institute to join us. That would make a nice-sized party, and it would be cheaper for us all.

**MRS. WILSON.** That is a good idea. Let us ask the members of the Fellowship to come too.

**MRS. SMITH.** That would make a grand party. They will want to know how much it will cost. Shall we tell them five shillings?

**MRS. JONES.** Some of them might think five shillings rather a lot. I suggest we say three and sixpence.

**MRS. THOMPSON.** The larger the party is the cheaper it will be. If we get a thirty-six-seater bus it will cost much less a head than if we have only a twenty-four seater.

**MRS. JONES.** Let us say a thirty-six seater. But we cannot find out how much it will cost until we know where we are going.

**MRS. SMITH.** If we have the W.I. and the Fellowship and ourselves we ought to fill a thirty-six seater all right. I think we ought to order it at once, because they get booked up.

**MRS. THOMPSON.** But wait a minute. Wait a minute. Who are the members of the W.I.?

**MRS. JONES.** We are.

**MRS. THOMPSON.** Then it is no good asking the W.I., because that is only ourselves.

**MRS. JONES.** Yes. And the same is true of the Fellowship.

**MRS. SMITH.** Well, we shall just have to think of someone else to join our party.

**MRS. WILSON.** I think I must go now, as my husband will be wanting his tea. We have had a good talk, and we seem to have settled most things. I am quite looking forward to the outing.

## The Man Who Couldn't Resist Looking in Lighted Windows

**D**ID I ever tell you about the chap who was always staring in windows? said old Joe, the night-shift millwright, sitting down beside me. I was just doing the crossword, but in the middle of the night the canteen's quiet and lonely, and it makes you feel kind of matey.

No, I said. Can't say you did. Tell me about him.

It'll kill you, said Joe.

Risk it, I said.

Well, you know how it is when you're walking along a road late at night, and there's a lighted window with no curtains, said Joe. You can't help looking in, can you?

No, I guess not, I said.

That's how it was with Sam, said Joe. Only more so. Lighted windows did something to him. Couldn't pass one without staring in.

So what, I said. We all got kinks.

Sure, said Joe. But you haven't heard half of it yet. Boy, was it a scream.

Was it? I said.

Sure was, said Joe. I got to know Sam when I was up in Leeds on a fitting job. Got digs in a place at the back of the station where he was staying. He was married, but his missis had run off with a Scotch traveller, from Renfrew or somewhere, and Sam had sold the home up.

What d'you know, I said. Still, what's this got to do with his—

All in good time, said Joe. As I was saying, we got talking, and one night the subject of mushrooms came up—Sam had been a keen gardener at one time. Dead easy to grow, said Sam—meaning mushrooms of course, not gardeners. Muck and heat's what they want, he said. And plenty of wet. Anyway, the upshot of it was we decided to have a go. There was a biggish cellar in the house, and Mrs. Evans—Welsh she was, came to Leeds after the Great War, the first one of course. Funny thing about this Mrs. Evans. Her husband had been the only amateur cyclist with a wooden leg ever to take part in the South Wales Champion—still, that's another story. As I was saying, Mrs. Evans said we could use the cellar.

Decent of her, I said.

Wasn't it, said Joe. But it didn't turn out like we expected.

No? I said.

No, said Joe. It would have been all right, but for Sam's teeth.

Of course, I said. Sam's teeth.

Sure, said Joe. Didn't I tell you? Mighty proud of them teeth, Sam was. Had 'em made special by a chap in Manchester. First got the idea when he was watching one of them mechanical grabs working. Now, instead of the teeth coming together and just touching at the tips, they fitted right *into* each other, and—

Interesting, I said. Very. But what happened to the mushrooms?

The mushrooms? said Joe. Oh, yes. But you'd never believe me if I told you.

No harm in trying, I said.

Must have been the seed, said Joe. Then, again, p'raps it was the muck we used. Got it from a chap Sam knew, little dried-up fellow by the name of Sikes. Ran an aquarium at the back of the Cow and Tin Whistle in Ben-nick Street. Charged tuppence a time to look round, and a penny for the kids. Did well too—specially at week-ends. Folks flocked in from all over the place to see his sea-donkey. Ever heard of a sea-donkey?

No, I said. I guess I didn't get around much. I didn't hear about this chap Sam and his windows either.

All right, hold your breath, said Joe. I'm coming to that. Have a fag?

You have one of mine, I said.

Thanks, said Joe. Now where was I? Oh, yes. Well when we finally got this racehorse on board—

Racehorse? I said. You were talking about a sea-donkey.

Sea-donkey, said Joe. Oh, that's another story. This was later—soon after Squinty (that was the horse's name) won the National. The only cross-eyed horse ever to win it.

The National? I said. I never heard of any cross-eyed horse winning the National. What year was that?

Oh, *you* wouldn't hear about it, said Joe. *Nobody* knew. Squinty always wore blinkers. Boy, what a race! Third from last he was till the second time round at Becher's—

Could be, I said. But what was he doing on a ship?

Going to Ireland, said Joe. There were four of us in the deal. The boss was a chap they called Cecil—only not to his face. A right nasty bit of work Cecil could be if anybody put him out. Then there was an ex-wrestler called "Gravy," who Cecil kept around to handle any dirty work he couldn't manage himself. I've seen that bloke get a two-inch-thick piece of—

I suppose the other member of this tea-party was that chap Sam you started telling me about, I said.

How'd you guess? said Joe.

Dead easy, I said.

Well, said Joe. We started to run into dirty weather as soon as we—

You're killing me, I said. Was it on the ship that Sam started taking an interest in lighted windows?

Exactly, said Joe. You see—

Just then the canteen door burst open.

Hey, Joe! yelled one of the fitters. Old man Blankshaw wants you pronto. The radial's jammed. He's mad as hell.

There now, said Joe. Just when I was coming to the point. Still, it'll keep.

Not long, I said. Not in this weather.



"You'll need this—it's the book of instructions."





*"Henry! You didn't wipe your feet."*

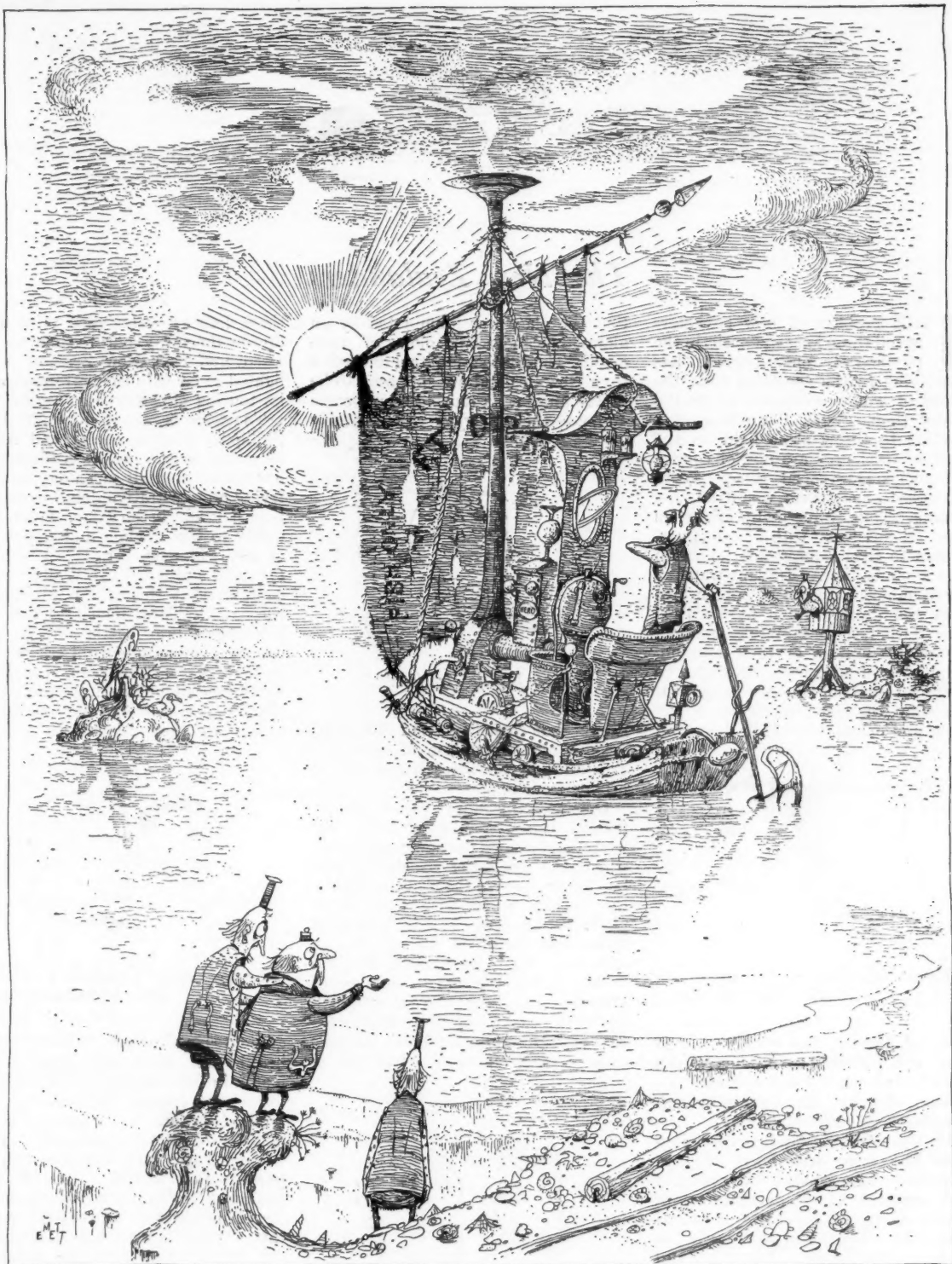
## Some Other Time

**I**T would be fun to take a picnic tea  
 Into the fields to-day  
 And wolf it by a wide unwieldy tree  
 Under whose kindly eye the conies play.  
 It would; but there's the weeding to begin  
 And all that awful washing to get through  
 And Mrs. Pinhorn said she might pop in—  
 We'll have to wait and see what we can do  
 Some other time.

This evening we might try to take the car  
 Down some forgotten lane  
 And find a puckered pool below a star  
 And sing and shout and act a bit insane.  
 Yes, let's! It would be marvellous—but then,  
 We're being Young Conservatives at six  
 And sitters-in for Susan until ten;  
 We'll simply have to see what we can fix  
 Some other time.

Maybe, next month we might collect a crowd  
 Of fellow slaves and go  
 To some cheap peak where English are allowed  
 And there are dazzling minarets of snow.  
 But what of the committees that we're on?  
 The socials where we said we'd lend a hand?  
 And could the choir keep time if we were gone?  
 We'll have to see if something can be planned  
 Some other time.

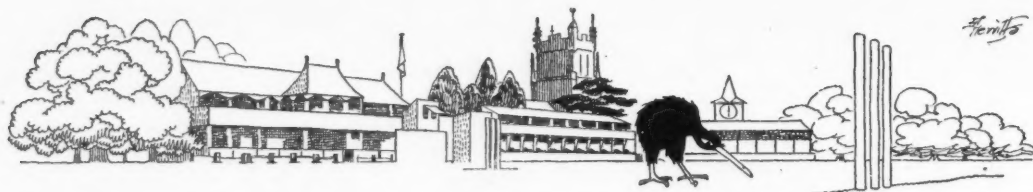
Next summer we might board an aeroplane  
 Bound for some rarer air,  
 Say for some drowsy citadel in Spain  
 If things are less unsettled over there.  
 We might go West and cross the Great Divide,  
 Or splash about the Adriatic Sea;  
 We might stay here and dismally decide  
 How much, much simpler everything would be  
 Some other time. DANIEL PETTIWARD



ANNALS OF A BRANCH LINE

XII—*Final gesture of defiance in the face of Nationalization*

[This is the last drawing in the series "Annals of a Branch Line," which will be published shortly, in book form, by Messrs. Faber & Faber.]



## The New Zealanders

THE problem of how cricketers spend those long wet spells in the pavilion is only slightly less mystifying to the spectator than the riddle of where cricketers go in the winter time. Well, I am now in a position to throw some light on the matter. Cricketers are not, of course, a homogeneous social group, so to generalize about them would be misleading. Thus, while many cricketers busy themselves with card-games, repairs to their equipment, television (last summer the Australians watched the Wimbledon tennis championships from the dressing-room at Lord's—even during their captain's innings), the next chapters of their autobiographies and numerous attempts to gauge the duration of the weather's inclemency, the fast bowlers—to a man—sit motionless with their boots off

that the place was illuminated by an almost incandescent glow of rude health. These fifteen amateur cricketers from New Zealand are supposed to be pretty ancient as touring teams come and go—their average age is nearly

these, half expecting their print to be upside down by our reckoning, and discovered that New Zealand is delighted so far with the performances of its touring cricketers. It *should* be.

The team is managed by Mr. J. H. Phillipps, a most genial and knowledgeable cricketing enthusiast who has not allowed his seven-day week or trying administrative detail to sap his boyish delight in the game. It is chiefly owing to the wisdom and experience of Mr. Phillipps, Mr. W. A. Hadlee (captain) and Mr. W. M. Wallace (vice-captain) that this trip is proving so successful. These men lead the New Zealanders into battle not as conquerors but as students of cricket, and their chief aim, I feel sure, is to derive maximum advantage from the educational opportunities of the tour and to return to their islands as honours



Skipper Walter Arnold Hadlee

thirty—but their looks and phosphorescence make nonsense of statistics. This must be the fittest team ever to brighten our shores.

Outside, the rain pelted down, flooded the tarpaulin covering the wicket and pulped the newspapers with which the doughtier spectators had hooded or snooded themselves. Inside, the players toyed with their paraphernalia, scraping old marl from their spikes and congealed linseed oil from their bats. There were stacks of letters to be worked through, a number of gleaming white bats to be autographed, and old copies of the *Wellington Evening Post* and other home journals to be studied. I consulted several of



Verdun John Scott—  
Walter Mervyn Wallace

and their feet up, their eyes closed and their lips curled into an inscrutable smile. And when I say fast bowlers, I mean, of course, fast bowlers by contemporary English standards.

In the New Zealanders' dressing-room the scene was fairly true to tradition. The wooden floor, pricked and splintered by generations of spiked boots, was heavily cluttered with cricket-bags, and to cross it the visitor needed considerable agility and a steady flow of apologies. Like most dressing-rooms this one was inadequately provided with windows, and at first I was puzzled by the absence of gloom. At length, however, I realized



George Fenwick Cresswell—  
Thomas Browning Burt

graduates in the game. When the team heard that their first pipe-opening match in Britain would be against the formidable county of Yorkshire they rejoiced—where other touring teams might well have grumbled. They welcomed this early seminar with the professors of the White Rose and proceeded to Bradford notebooks in hand. Mr. Phillipps put it something like this: "Imagine what a thrill it was for our boys, when into the Bradford pavilion, with loads of advice and encouragement, came such old masters as Wilfred Rhodes, Emmott Robinson, Herbert Sutcliffe, Bill Bowes and Frank Smailes! We just lapped it up."



John Arthur Hayes—  
John Cowie



Mr. Hadlee looks every inch a skipper, rather like a benevolent edition of Douglas Jardine. He is high of brow, tense of mouth and spectacled, and he leads his team of Nature Boys with the ideal blend of firm discipline and bonhomie. By profession he is an accountant and his careful captaincy reveals an appropriate appreciation of the nicely calculated less or more. His senior assistant, Mr. Wallace, who very nearly became the seventh batsman to hit one thousand runs in an English May, talks tactics as fluently as another man will chat about the price of beer and with an erudition second to none. I asked Mr. Wallace a number of sticky questions:

"Were you surprised to find the standard of English cricket so poor?"

"On the contrary, we are surprised to find it so good. Cricket in New Zealand slumped badly during the war, so we expected to find your cricket completely blitzed."

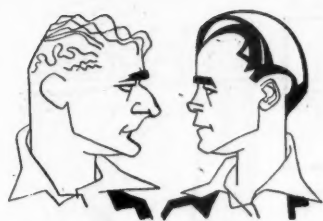
"Have you found any new stars over here? Any budding Larwoods or Comptons?"

"Well, there's whats-ismame of Oxford—or is it Cambridge? He's the best young seam bowler we've struck." (I didn't quite catch the name; and anyway I wouldn't repeat it. We don't want someone who probably bowls quite naturally suddenly becoming earnest about "swing" and wearing his shirts out uselessly on the new ball.)

"No new batsman?"

"Er—the rain seems to be stopping, thank goodness!"

The New Zealanders play their cricket very much *à l'Anglaise*; and, remarkably enough in a way, still look for guidance and inspiration to the Old Country rather than to their devastating Australian neighbours. In fact the New Zealanders invariably speak of Bradmanland with the same subtle



Bert Sutcliffe—  
Martin Paterson Donnelly

blend of respect and objectiveness with which a confirmed Commoner will allude to the House of Lords as "another place." It is "a certain country not too far from New Zealand." Practical proof of all this is the tourists' cap which is fashioned in the English style, close-fitting and rounded, instead of in the Aussie mode of shapeless functionalism.

In spite of Jack Fingleton's repeated warning that an over-indulgence in



Cecil Burke—Frank Brunton Smith—  
Geoffroy Osborne Rabone—Henry Butler Cave

forward play is the chief reason for England's batting weakness, Mr. Hadlee's men still put their left legs down the wicket much more often than they play back with left elbows cocked towards the zenith. In fact they leave the crease so frequently that their record for wickets lost by stumping is the highest of all "Test" cricket countries. Their cricket is, indeed, convincingly pedigree—by Hambledon out of *Wisden*; and this is readily comprehensible when I recall for you that Charles Darwin found the game already well established when he visited the islands in 1835, and that it has since been nursed into shapely orthodoxy by a long line of English coaches.

All the same, there are signs of a move away from conventional classicism. G. F. Cresswell is a medium-pace spin bowler with a most exceptional action. He bowls with a two-eyed stance, as square and flat-chested as a sandwich-man. Watching him, the spectator—and, perhaps, the batsman—expects the ball to fly from his arm

in the direction of mid-off. The Australians would build Cresswell into a secret weapon; the M.C.C. would probably unfrock him for heresy. Then there is Sutcliffe ("Bert," of course—just as the Australians have a duplicate Sidney Barnes), a left-handed batsman who has averaged almost a hundred over the last three years. Sutcliffe's heterodoxy is as strong as Cresswell's: it is simply that he has no time to play himself in. Sutcliffe is a physical training instructor who takes his job seriously, and he bats as though even a short period of inactivity at the wicket would lead to a softening of muscle and a general wasting of vital tissue.

And what of J. R. Reid, the youngest player of the fifteen? He is officially described as a leading batsman, an excellent wicket-keeper, a brilliant fielder in any position and a useful medium-pace bowler. What do the unions have to say about that? John Cowie, too. He was here with the last New Zealand Team of 1937. To follow

Lindwall as a touring fast bowler in England is like taking over from Danny Kaye at the Palladium, but Cowie has already shown (notably at Leeds) a disconcerting aptitude for taking English wickets.

Martin Donnelly we all know as a brilliant batsman and as a subject for acute controversy—whether it

concerns the pronunciation of his surname (it is *Donnelly*) or his precise position in the hierarchy of great left-handers. Then we have V. J. Scott, T. B. Burt, F. L. H. Mooney, H. B. Cave, F. B. Smith, C. Burke, J. A. Hayes, G. O. Rabone . . . Well, they're all good cricketers, even if they are inclined to orthodoxy.

But I still don't know, any more than you do, whether the New Zealanders are shortly to record their first win in Test cricket or not.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



Francis Leonard Hugh Mooney—  
John Richard Reid



Manager J. H. Phillipps



"Have you a rather special greetings card for somebody who's been left a million pounds?"

## Where is Good Old Gus?

IN a way, of course, the question is misleading. It is not the precise location of Good Old Gus that is exercising my mind. In the final picture of the latest instalment of his adventures (the latest, that is, which I have been able to secure—we will revert to that point later on) Good Old Gus is inside a log cabin of curiously dilapidated structure, the walls of which are bulging and quivering with the impact of his bellow of: "Ah is Good Old Gus!" and we know that this cabin is in the neighbourhood of the village of Dogpatch. It must be pretty close to Dogpatch, since it was from that hamlet (the creation, I should perhaps observe, of the celebrated Mr. Al Capp) that Washable Jones set out

a few weeks ago on the quest that has led him at last to the cabin in question; and Washable, though he is well grown for his age, is only four years old. True, he was conveyed part of the way on the back of a Shmoo (we will leave aside for the moment the question of what a Shmoo is), but on the other hand he wasted a good deal of time by looking in the first place not for Good Old Gus at all, but for Nightmare Alice.

Before we go on to consider (as I fear we must) the character of Nightmare Alice, it is perhaps only right that I should explain how this slice of contemporary literature came into my hands. I was travelling, for reasons which seemed to me sufficient, on the

railway between Newcastle and Liverpool; and on the bookstall at Carlisle station I observed a pile of brightly-coloured American comic supplements. When I had ascertained that these could be bought with ordinary soft currency (of which, like everyone in this country, I have sackfuls stuffed away in the garage) I decided to buy one. That was a mistake.

By the time the train had panted up to Shap summit and begun its gallop down into Lancaster, I had devoured every one of the cartoons and started to go through them all again. By Manchester my mind was in a turmoil. Some of the "strips" were complete in themselves, and these I mostly enjoyed, but the greater number were episodes in a collection of serial stories which had plainly been going on for some time. It was these that tormented me with desire to know what was going to happen next, and, even more, what had happened last week. A large, amiable young American with the unfortunate name of Joe Palooka was boxing a gigantic negro in the middle of the Sahara, and it seemed to me that Joe had got himself into a pretty tight corner. He had broken a bone in his hand with the first blow he landed on the negro's jaw, and now the maddened half-bestial creature was about to sink its fangs in his neck. I was anxious for Joe, and I also wanted to know what he was doing in the Sahara Desert, and who the little fat man was who, in the middle of the contest, was shown telephoning from Hollywood to the American Ambassador in Paris. Then there was Mandrake the Magician, who evidently had the useful knack of being able to convey to those around him the impression that he was a sea-serpent; but what was he doing on board the pirate schooner in the first place? Little Orphan Annie was trapped in an underground cavern. I wanted to know why Annie, who seemed a remarkably level-headed young woman, had gone into that cavern.

And, of course, there was Nightmare Alice.

Considerations of business kept my mind occupied while I was in Liverpool; but the next day I had to go north to Glasgow. One gets resigned to that sort of thing. At the Exchange Station I bought my ticket and went to the bookstall to get a newspaper. And there, in plain view, were some more comic supplements.

It seems that no licence is needed to sell the things. Why this should be so I cannot tell. Cocaine is not displayed on the counters of station refreshment-rooms for anyone to buy. Nor is *cannabis indica*, or hashish. Be that as

it may, I did not hesitate; the time for remorse might come later, but for the moment I had got what I wanted. Over a cup of coffee in the dining-car I unfolded the gaudy pages.

It took about half an hour, I suppose, before I finally concluded that the issue I now had before me must be just a fortnight earlier in date than the one I had read the day before. That is to say, there was one whole issue missing between the two. But I would not like to be dogmatic about it; there were some features which pointed to its being of a later date than the first one. Little Orphan Annie was on a farm, and there was nothing to show whether she had lately emerged from an underground cavern or was shortly going to enter one. Mandrake the Magician was putting a gang of ruffians to flight with a machine-gun which had no existence except in their imaginations. Joe Palooka, infuriatingly, was not in the paper at all. It was a different brand of supplement, and its readers must have been willing to forgo the adventures of Joe Palooka for the sake of following those of Invisible Scarlett O'Neill. Mr. Capp's serial was there, however, and I scanned it eagerly for some clue to the motives which had led young Washable Jones to leave his native village in the company of a herd of Shmoos. Instead I found an admirably presented propaganda story, using some favourite Dogpatch characters, which conveyed the desirability of buying United States Government Bonds. It included a skilful portrait of the Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Snyder; a man of whom I know nothing but good, but a poor substitute for Nightmare Alice.

Over my emotions at Glasgow, where I found on the bookstalls a great pile of copies of the same comic supplement that I had originally bought in Carlisle, I draw a veil.

There the matter rests at present. There are no comic supplements on sale in the city which I inhabit. Within the next three or four weeks I shall, I know, be called away on business; but the fear that haunts my waking hours and drives sleep from my pillow is that, when I finally catch up with Washable Jones, it will be to see the distant figure of Good Old Gus disappearing over a mountain, pursued by the Shmoos, while some bystander observes airily that Washable, bless his manly li'l hide, certainly had a narrow escape that time. Believe me, those of my readers who have at some time or other wondered whether to buy one of these comic supplements, and have walked away without one, have had an escape even narrower. G. D. R. DAVIES

## In This Quarry

**I**N this quarry lieth lake,  
Hemméd round with reedy stone.  
In this quarry corneth crake;  
Drummeth gnat in angry tone,  
Thinketh he, I am alone.

Gnat in quarry, sting me not.  
Not in quarry sting me, gnat.  
Sun is friendly, sun is hot;  
I would lie, and, lying flat,  
Shade my forehead with my hat.

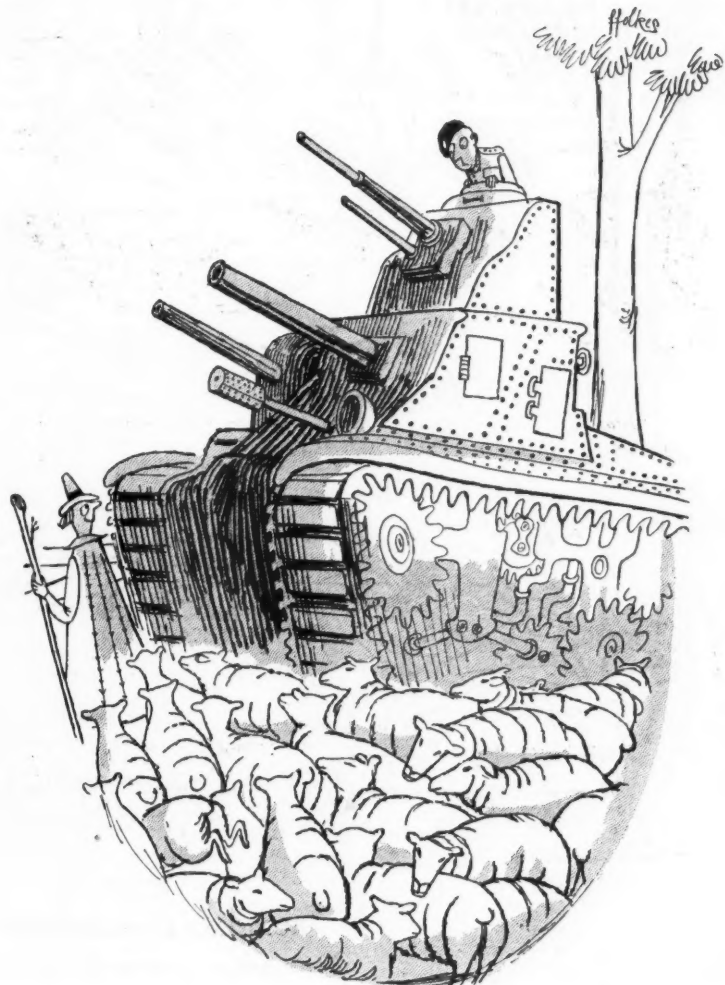
Gnat discourseth of his woes  
In a lone complaining voice  
Half an inch above my nose.  
Natter not, O gnat; rejoice  
In the quarry of thy choice.

I thy choice and quarry am?  
Blessings on thee, gnat, begone.  
Nor becrawl on me, bedam,  
Nor my nose besettle on,  
Howso in thy sight it shone.

Hemméd round with reedy stone  
Lake lies cool in quarry's core.  
Leave me, gentle gnat, alone,  
At my neb-end buzz no more.  
Think my mouth no open door.

I would linger, gnat, and lie  
Quarry-bound at height of day.  
But be-gnatted at be I.  
I must hasten and away.  
So unwindeth all my lay.

R. P. LISTER







**RUNNING COMMENTARY**  
**THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, 1949**

## Slow Going

"CHEAP Day," I said, "to Waterloo."  
"Cheap Day?" said the booking clerk.

"Yes."

"To Waterloo?"

"Yes."

"Returning same day?"

"Naturally."

"Not between the hours of four-thirty and six-thirty though?"

"Look," I said, "I know the rules." I have been buying Cheap Days to Waterloo from this same clerk three days a week for the last eighteen months.

"One shilling," he said.

I pointed to the half-crown which had been lying under his nose since the beginning of this conversation.

He took it away and after an interval returned with my ticket and a penny change.

"What's this?" I asked.

"One and five to come," he said, and went away again. When he came back with another penny I thought the time had come to apply a little pressure.

"May I ask," I said civilly enough, "what the devil you think you are playing at?"

He did not seem to take the question amiss, but settled his elbows on the counter with the air of a man disposed to play his part in a lengthy encounter. His voice, travelling upwards to the anti-bacillus slit and down again on my side of the glass screen, held only a hint of truculence. "I'm doing my job," he explained, "according to contract."

Something stirred in the recesses of my memory.

"You mean," I suggested, "that you are withholding that little extra effort without which the wheels of transport cannot run smoothly?"

"One and four to come," he said.

"Going slow, eh?" I called after him.

"Clogging the nation's recovery effort and impeding—oh, there you are—the free flow of dollar-earning goods."

"According to contract," he repeated stubbornly, but this time he handed me a threepenny-bit and I felt sure I had him on the defensive.

"In any case," I said, "aren't you anticipating? I don't seem to have read that instructions have been sent to booking clerks by their Union to take any action in this matter."

"Never mind that," he said. "I've got to practise, haven't I?"

As can be imagined, I was in no mood to let so monstrous a proposition pass unchallenged; but feeling in the

queue behind me had now reached such a pitch of intensity that I was forced to train my guns in a fresh direction.

"You may well be imagining, ladies and gentlemen," I said, turning to face them and at the same time thwarting the efforts of a small double-breasted suit to dodge in under my elbow, "that you have here the typically selfish case of a man who chooses the busiest time of the morning to have the dates on six bicycle tickets changed from the ninth to the fifteenth of August. The facts are otherwise. I am attempting to buy a single return, that is to say, one Cheap Day ticket to Waterloo—as no doubt many of you here to-day also hope to do."

There was a general murmur of assent, broken only by a shout of "Get on with it," from a person in a check cap.

"You had better," I told this person, "address your protests to the right quarter. The fact is that the booking clerk here, who still owes me one and a penny—or rather," I corrected myself, glancing down in some surprise, "sevenpence, has elected to clog the nation's transport by withholding that little extra effort without which the wheels of industry cannot flow smoothly. I need not remind you, and him, that conduct of this kind is rapidly alienating the public's sympathy. If you will turn to page four of your newspapers—page five in your case, sir—and run your eyes down the leader you will see that the railwaymen are rapidly forfeiting the confidence of the people. Their intransigent attitude bids fair (if memory serves) to undo much of the goodwill that has been built up in recent years. They are sadly mistaken in the mood of the country at large if they imagine—and if the lady who is still looking at the Food News on page eight will do me the kindness of paying attention to what I am saying—that tactics designed to paralyze our internal trade and freeze our overseas markets will be tolerated by a people who have dedicated themselves to the single goal of national recovery..."

Here the rumble of an approaching train lost me the sympathy of a section of my audience and I was obliged to raise my voice to make myself heard.

"You may speculate," I shouted, "on the precise means by which the Editors of your newspapers discover your initial sympathy with the aims of discontented workers, still more, how they determine the precise moment at which that sympathy is withheld. You may wonder, as I do, to what

extent the railwaymen—and for that matter, the busmen, the dockers and the coal-miners of South Staffordshire (was it?), from whom public support has in recent years been severally and at decent intervals withdrawn—are thrown into confusion and dismay by the news that you are no longer at their side. Opportunities of expressing your disapproval of the actions of Amalgamated Pit-Prop Assemblers, let us say, may not have been as frequent as you could have wished. But you can hardly doubt..."

"And twopence is one and six," said the booking clerk.

"Thank you... You can hardly doubt that you have here, at this moment, an unrivalled chance to show this booking clerk that he has alienated your sympathy and forfeited the confidence of at least a cross-section of the British public."

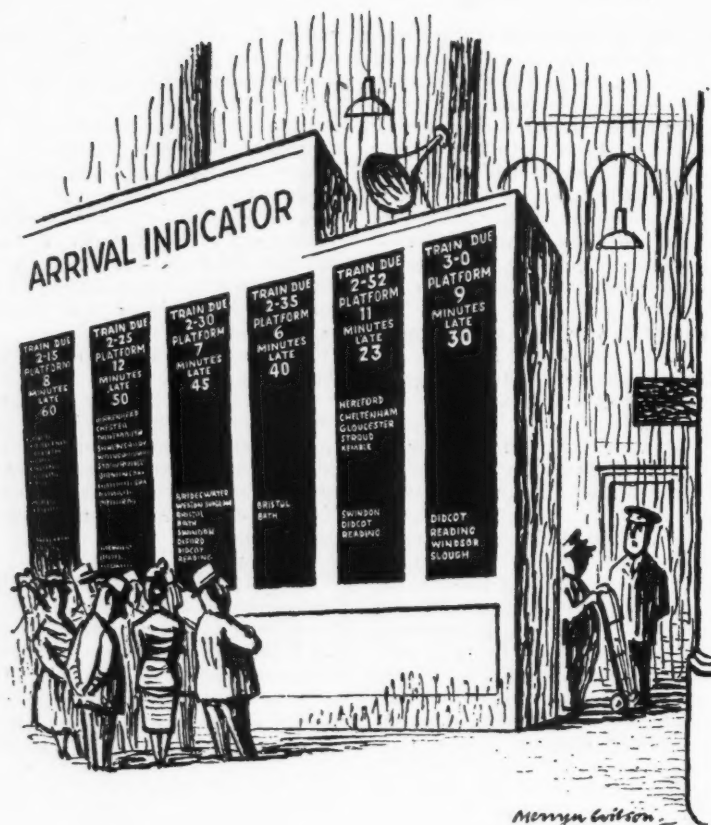
"Next, please," said the clerk.

The train being now at the platform I was forced at this point to break off my address and hurry away, but as I left I had the satisfaction of hearing the queue give three loud boos. One can only hope that the booking clerk realized at whom they were directed.

H. F. ELLIS



"I'm almost positive this is one of those that pull out."



"Three minutes late for duty, Barstow! This will be reported."

## Carnival

I AM sorry to see that West Ewell in Surrey has received its Carnival Week with true British stolidity, or apathy, if you prefer that word. The *Surrey Comet* is among those preferring "apathy," going as far, indeed, as a reproachful headline: APATHY SPOILS CARNIVAL.

Of course, in the sort of carnival rife on the Continent, apathy does not dream of rearing its ugly head. In a town with, say, a four thousand six hundred and thirty-seven population it may safely be reckoned that four thousand six hundred and thirty-seven persons, exclusive of dogs and visitors, will join wholeheartedly in the carnival. Not one of them would recognize apathy if they saw it on a tableau-car. What, then, has the Continent got that West Ewell hasn't got? Why is it that "West Ewell residents have greeted with apathy many of the events in this week's carnival, the first to be organized

in the village by West Ewell Community Association"?

The "season of festivity and revelry"—I here quote the dictionary, not the *Surrey Comet*—opened with a bang, the Deputy Mayor of Epsom taking the salute at a march-past of local guides, scouts, brownies and cubs. On a Sunday, too! If ever I saw the Continental Sunday inserting the thin end of its insidious wedge, this is where I saw it. With a break only for sleep, the mad excitement continued on the Monday, when there was a treasure-hunt (poorly attended), a concert by a choral society (poorly attended) and a talk on vegetable gardening by the Horticultural Officer of Surrey County Council (poorly attended).

As was only to be expected, this whirl of gaiety left West Ewell so exhausted, so sated with pleasure, that on Tuesday not a solitary hedonist felt up to painting West Ewell red by

attending a talk on how to make jam and jelly. It is to be supposed that West Ewell spent the day quietly in bed with damp towels round its forehead. Hangovers were finally defeated by sheer, bulldog carnival spirit, and "enthusiasm returned in the evening during the arts and crafts exhibition." But just what is meant by "during"? I take it that the frolics opened staidly enough, and that halfway through the exhibition the pleasure-crazed inhabitants suddenly donned their masks, pelted one another with flowers, and chased pretty girls round the etchings and the book-binding stands. You would have thought that, with all going merrily as a marriage-bell, everybody would have been in high fettle—in just the devil-may-care mood for the high-spot of the evening, which was to have been another talk. But, no! Apathy again. The talk was cancelled, and the merry throng dispersed in an orderly manner. I would like to see a Riviera carnival crowd going home without its lecture.

The high-jinks continued on Wednesday, which was wet. The sports were cancelled as though they had been a talk. "A few races were run, however, in a nearby hall, and there was some community singing."

The size of the hall is not specified, but I cannot think any outstandingly good times were returned. Your crack runner is apt to be hampered by the necessity of gearing-down to take a ninety-degree corner every few yards, and there may also have been the hazards of chairs, whist-tables and floor-polish—as well as the spectators, who, one presumes, huddled in the middle of the track getting slowly giddy as the athletes revolved round them. The competitors themselves may well have had something to say; "Pon my word, I didn't know whether to wear spiked shoes or dancing-pumps."

Three talks were cancelled because no revellers turned up.

Later that Wednesday, the committee got together—possibly wearing paper hats and false noses; I don't know—and killed the spirit of carnival deader than a doornail by cancelling all six of the talks that were still to come. . . .

## Blackleg

CUCKOO, kindly show some tact—  
Do not advertise the fact  
That you find such keen enjoyment  
In pursuit of an employment  
Which each year entails the stern  
Duty of a lodging turn.



## At the Play

*Champagne for Delilah* (New)—*The Third Visitor* (DUKE OF YORK'S)  
*The Provok'd Wife* (A.D.C. THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE)

MR. RONALD MILLAR'S *Champagne for Delilah* strikes me as being what the French call *demi-pétillant*, or half-bubbly, when to fit the hard artificiality of the occasion it

rather than of a man making his living with his mind. Miss GOOGIE WITHERS, whom I wish we could see more often, is charming as the wife, getting a good deal of fun out of her attempts to clinch the husband's mis-demeanour; while Miss IRENE WORTH handles cleverly the irony of the film-star's frightened virtue and, in the scene where brandy overtakes her, raises things to a quite different level of comedy. I can't really recommend the play, but many may find it to their taste. Mr. MILLAR has written far better, in *Frieda*, and will doubtless do so again.



[*Champagne for Delilah*]

### Fallen Idol

Lee Normandy—Miss GOOGIE WITHERS; Olivia Raines—Miss IRENE WORTH; David Normandy—MR. NIGEL PATRICK

needed to be fully fizzy. The play is glitteringly glib. It is not unwitty, but the wit has a metallic, mechanical ring and the characters are relentless in their determination to be funny without cease. The fact that they appear the sort of people who might attempt to support such a hectic exchange of sophisticated backchat doesn't save them from becoming just a little wearisome. At the same time the piece is neatly made, the idea of a dramatist so taken with the theatre that he sees his own life as a play offering situations which in themselves are entertaining. The dramatist, faithfully married, is led by the example of his latest hero to have a flutter with a film-star who turns out, her glamour once dissolved in unaccustomed alcohol, a puritan, thus robbing the dramatist's patient wife of her long-awaited chance to escape from this theatrical lunatic asylum with a nice, dull doctor.

Baggy trousers and a pipe and an occasional let-up from being bright would have helped the dramatist, who is less like the common cast of his profession than could well be imagined. Mr. NIGEL PATRICK, though an excellent actor, is too alert and nimble for the part, giving the impression of a stockbroker in training for Wimbledon

genious and to those who don't take their crime too seriously it should bring a genuine thrill. Very little can be told about it without spoiling this effect; but, after we have seen a very nasty gentleman being bashed by a revengeful chum in a rich bachelor hideout decorated with a stained glass window for which alone death was deserved, the action switches to a flat where the police interrogate his harassed partner, the partner's vixen wife (prone to the astonishing vice of secret gambling at Maidenhead) and the owners of the flat, a dim-witted author and his wife. This last-named lady has a gammy arm which may easily suggest to criminologists in the audience that the straightforward manner of the piece is deceptive; and, in the part, Miss SONIA DRESDER is well fitted for the stern work to come, while as her husband Mr. MACKENZIE WARD gives one of his amusing portraits from the Wooster gallery. Senior policemen on the stage are often such uncertain quantities that it is a pleasure to watch Mr. CECIL RAMAGE on

the job. A beautiful performance. Miss ROSEMARY SCOTT, Mr. ANTHONY MARLOWE and Mr. BRUNO BARNABE help to fill in a play which I should say is beta plus, with a sporting chance of a run.

Odd things happen in the theatre, but never before have I heard a bottle of champagne opened in the seat behind me. Cambridge, however, claims special privileges in May Week, and it would be hard to choose a play better able to stand up to this accompaniment than VANBROUGH'S *The Provok'd Wife*. Neither in language nor situation is it as good as *The Relapse*, but it has great moments and the A.D.C., which had gone to the rewarding trouble of producing a programme with a spoof eighteenth-century cover, gave it rousing. *Sir John and Lady Brute* were taken with spirit by Mr. JOHN WILDERS and Miss HEATHER BROWN, Miss JESSIE FABER made a witty *Bellinda*, and as the lads about town Mr. ANGUS MACKAY and Mr. ROSS LEWIS had a devilry authentically end-of-term. Special praise for his sets to Mr. PHILIP FEARNHILL.

ERIC KEOWN

### Recommended

DARK OF THE MOON—*Ambassadors*—Superbly produced American semi-musical. Backwoods fantasy, with witches, sin and salvation.

THE HEIRESS—*Haymarket*—From Henry James's story, very well staged.

THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING—*Globe*—Witty comedy by a poet.

BLACK CHIFFON—*Westminster*—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

DAPHNE LAUREOLA—*Wyndham's*—Bridie and Edith Evans both at their best.

\*THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE—*Apollo*—Wild school farce.

(\*Suitable for young people)



[*The Third Visitor*]

### The Inspector Calls

Steffy Millington—Miss SONIA DRESDER; Detective Inspector—MR. CECIL RAMAGE; Bill Millington—MR. MACKENZIE WARD

## At the Opera

Gala Season of Italian Opera (STOLL)  
*Pelléas et Mélisande* (COVENT GARDEN)



Falstaff La Bohème Don Pasquale

THE New London Opera Company, whose first home was the Cambridge Theatre, are making a welcome re-appearance on the London stage, this time in the statelier and more spacious surroundings of Oscar Hammerstein's opera-house. It is good, too, to hear Italian opera—the popular *La Bohème*, *Rigoletto*, *Il Barbiere*, *Tosca*, and the not-so-well-known *Falstaff* and *Don Pasquale*—sung with the *panache* to which English artists, singing in English, can never quite attain. We can hear a splendid English *Tosca* at Sadler's Wells; but first-class Italian principals and a conductor like ALBERTO EREDE can between them give a couple of extra turns to the screw that squeezes the last drop of excitement out of PUCCINI's luridly-coloured score. Ultimately the temperature of an opera performance depends on the conductor—just how much will have been apparent to those who heard both CLEMENS KRAUSS and Signor EREDE conduct *Tosca* at the Stoll, with the same orchestra and (with a single exception) the same cast. Herr KRAUSS's performance had great

distinction, and the pot was kept simmering nicely; Signor EREDE, however, keeps his cauldron a little below boiling-over point until, at just the right moment, off comes the lid, blowing pot, stew, cook and all clean through the roof.

Of all the stars now shining so brightly at the Stoll Theatre, the brightest of all is the incomparable MARIANO STABILE. His voice is past its best, it is true; but with an artist such as he the voice is only half the story. His characterizations, with their exquisitely-balanced contradictions, are a joy and a delight. His *Falstaff* is richer than ever—a drunken, lascivious old rogue, but with the dignity of a great gentleman. His *Scarpia*, sung opposite the regal, golden-toned *Tosca* of MARGHERITA GRANDI or the perfervid one of FRANCA SACCHI, is unimaginably horrible because, for all his bestiality, violence and cruelty this *Scarpia* is an epicure and a man of culture. His *Malatesta* in *Don Pasquale*, elegant, cynical and witty, is sympathetic and human as well. The famous duet with MARTIN LAWRENCE is as brilliant as ever.

Among the guest-artists is PAOLO SILVERI, a glittering *Figaro* (*Il Barbiere*) and a deeply moving *Rigoletto*. ANTONIO SALVAREZZA has given excellent performances of the tenor rôles in *Rigoletto* and *Tosca*, though LUIGI INFANTINO has proved a disappointment. In GRACIELA RIVERA the company has the best coloratura soprano of its career, who sings the gay heroine of *Il Barbiere* and the pathetic

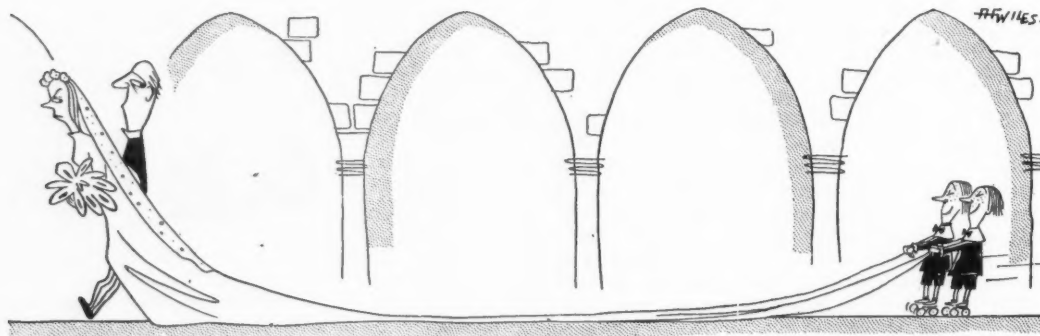


Tosca The Barber of Seville

one of *Rigoletto* with equal success. DARYA BAYAN, IAN WALLACE, STANLEY POPE and TONY SYMPSON—inspired player of small parts—are adding to their laurels in the parts they sang last season.

DEBUSSY's *Pelléas et Mélisande* is like a crystal fountain in whose clear depths is mirrored, remote and dream-like, the story of these hapless lovers. The passion of *Pelléas* and his death at the hands of the jealous *Golaud* seem no more than the ripples made by *Mélisande*'s ring when she drops it into the water; and *Mélisande* herself is but a shadow that darkens the surface for a moment and fades sadly from our sight, leaving us gazing at the jewelled pebbles far below. A company of distinguished artists from the Opéra-Comique of Paris have enabled us to hear this beautiful work once again at Covent Garden. The scenery was tiresome, but the performances of IRÈNE JOACHIM, JACQUES JANSEN and H. B. ETCHÉVERRY in the principal rôles were excellent. ROGER DESORMIÈRE conducted.

D. C. B.



## Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### With Gun, Rod and Merlin

It is a pity sporting novels are out of fashion. They make a contribution to social history which will be missed, and we in this country can write them rather well. One reason for their eclipse is that modern novelists, with civilization in the melting-pot and the complexities of psycho-analysis and kindred parlour-games still excitingly new, are inclined to stay indoors, and another, less devious, is the lamentable decline in the more picturesque field-sports. Whether we like it or not we live in an age where all the emphasis is on uniformity and the team, and where little room is left for the individual, whose eccentricities have always been at the heart of the richest sporting fiction. With all the skill in the world it would be difficult to write readably about anything as perfect as an international golfing side (a multiple ball-hitting mechanism scientifically put together and evenly charged with the correct quantity of vitamins), or about five hundred men sitting down primly side by side on camp stools to scour a canal for roach. The bigger and more efficient our recreations become, the duller they must be in human terms.

The final test of a sporting novel, as it is of a sporting print, is not mere accuracy, though an absence of howlers is in its favour, but the ability to please those who know little or nothing of the subject. Surtees will continue to be read not only by worshippers of the horse, but also by some who, like myself, greatly dread the creature, because Mr. Facey Romford and the magical company of argumentative, evil-smelling little men are characters in their own right, with a corresponding pungency of speech that guarantees them a permanent pigeon-hole in the story of the English language. But the novelist who can make sport amusing outside the circle of its devotees is rare at any time, and is so rare to-day that Lt.-Col. J. K. Stanford is a find indeed.

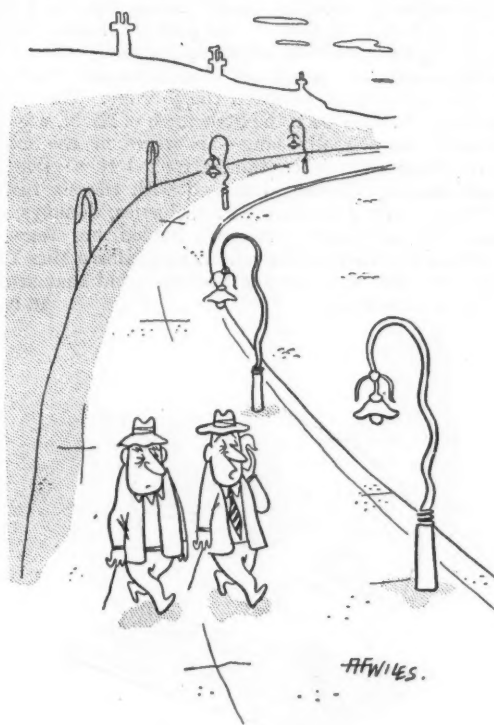
His *Guns Wanted* has a graceful and unfacetious humour that misses little in contemporary manners, and his characters are most forcefully individuals. When he wishes, as in the case of a night-club king and of a best-selling conveyor-belt novelist, he can flay with lean dexterity, but most of his people are friendly men in shabby tweeds, and he observes them acutely and with affection. In the accurate raciness of his dialogue he reminds one a little of Wodehouse, but whereas P. G. W. writes in a political and economic vacuum Colonel Stanford gets much of his effect by recounting the domestic horrors borne cheerfully by men brought up to press bells for what they wanted. Nothing could be more charming than his portrait of an aged general grown too poor to shoot, who persuades his friend the head keeper to let him come as a beater; dressed worse than a tramp, the old man enjoys himself like a schoolboy. In a good many retired and harassed hearts a note of fellow-feeling will also be struck by the meticulous colonel who reduces his crushing agenda of household chores to a drill which allows him an occasional escape with a gun and a dog.

As a novel *Guns Wanted* seriously lacks shape and direction, its theme of a young cavalry officer on a sporting tour after the war breaking down into a series of loosely connected episodes; but viewed as an entertainment it is a delightful book. Colonel Stanford reflects the country scene as well as he reflects its people, and he performs the elusive feat of catching the emotional excitement of shooting, its poetry if you will, in a way that should touch even those who have never held a gun.

Fishing has never lent itself easily to fiction. The best of it is lonely work and no amount of tact can disguise the awkwardness of the moment when the true hero comes in the last chapter to a frying-pan. Its natural medium is the contemplative essay, that mixes great encounters with the beauty and peace of rivers. So few anglers can accomplish this without growing windy, however, that a reprint is very welcome of *A Holiday Fisherman*, first published between the wars. For eight years Mr. Maurice Headlam, who writes with distinction and modesty, was an English Civil Servant in Dublin, spending his spare time exploring Irish waters. His account of big trout in unspoilt bog-streams makes envious reading, but, like Colonel Stanford, he has the hospitable trick of passing on his enjoyment. His record of a long fishing life takes us on a round that includes the Test and Finland. Although salmon figure in it largely, there is a pleasing tolerance for pike and chub.

And while we are looking at your sporting shelves, may I recommend another important reprint, Mr. C. E. Hare's immensely painstaking compilation, *The Language of Field Sports*, now available in a revised form? If you didn't know that deer graze while moose browse, that another name for the widgeon is the Puddled Whew, that the noun of assemblage for jellyfish is "a smuck," and that a hawk is never ill but is said to "have ungladness," isn't it perhaps time you did? This engaging bedside book, crammed with extraordinary information, contains the encomium I still hope to find cut on a headstone: "A GOOD MAN TO FIG."

ERIC KEOWN



"Yes, we COULD do with a spot of rain."



### "The Prospect Before Us?"

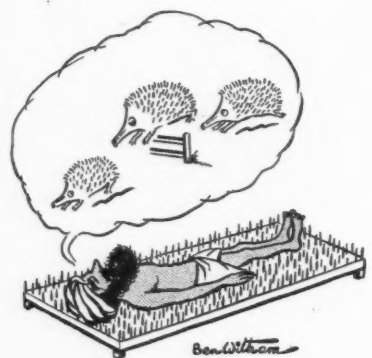
Mr. Orwell's nightmare *Nineteen Eighty-Four* is not just another inverted Utopia. The horrors of his totalitarian future are developed logically from those of the present, and he does not allow his effervescent ingenuity to disrupt his best novel into unrelated bright ideas. It is a good story, written in the prose that has sometimes seemed his chief claim to greatness and with character-drawing that at last fulfils the promise of Verrall in "Burmese Days." Influenced, or rather fertilized, by Arthur Koestler he has fused his interest in politics and his love of people and their surroundings into real political fiction. He imagines the world divided into three Empires, with Britain as an outpost of the American "Oceania." The form of government is "Oligarchical Collectivism," rule by a Party which desires only power and maintains itself by constant war, by the control of thought and language and by destroying the past. The hero, whose job is rewriting back numbers of *The Times* to fit in with the shifts in "Big Brother's" Policy, is first tricked into mental rebellion and then crushed not only into submission but into love for his executioners. It is all horribly credible—but fortunately not inevitable.

R. G. G. P.

### "Chinese for Good"

An adventure of the Japanese occupation whose narrator reshapes her attitude towards life during a four months' trek across eight Chinese provinces, *The Long Way Home* is as active and contemplative in its small way as St. Teresa's "Foundations." Instead of a house-hunting mystic of the sixteenth century, you have Miss Tang Sheng, aged twenty and fresh from Cambridge, escaping with five oddly-assorted men from Shanghai to Chungking in 1942. Miss Tang's chaperon failed her; so her cousin Ming took on the rôle of "Humbler Brother." All post-revolution girls, she says, are hybrids; and she sees herself setting out as a little Mandarin snob, as "progressive" as Shanghai could make her. Neither outlook survived the journey. The turning-point seems to have been the little town of Kichi, where the bookseller sang—really sang—his wares in the market; and a young Chinese captain, attached to a mysterious British Military Mission, discussed with the six fugitives the future of their country. From lorries, donkeys, rafts, junks, trains and buses you watch the shifting scene, with Mr. Deh Lan's delicate illustrations to reinforce Miss Tang's lively pen. But it is her mettlesome mind that sets the book in a class apart.

H. P. E.



### Knights of St. John

Malta, a little island eighteen miles long, endured endlessly a weight of bombing reckoned in thousands of tons a month. Threatened with invasion by glider fleets waiting just across the narrow waters and saved from starvation by fragments of battered convoys, our fighting men and Maltese allies hung on in the strength of the conviction that victory in Africa and much else beside turned on their surviving to sink enemy ships in the Mediterranean. In effect, over long periods, more than half the supplies intended for Rommel went to the bottom. Air Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd, in command of the Air Force through all the stiffest period, tells the story in *Briefed to Attack* and tells it well. His worst trouble was constant destruction not so much of men and planes, grievous though that was, as of airstrips and runways perpetually cratered, for ever patched up, in unending nightmare. His few and small steam-rollers were his most priceless possessions. To be sure he had some fun in the unearthing of hundreds of tons of fossilized elephants and smaller beasts, and he admits that when word of his most sensational victory reached home he received eleven offers of marriage.

C. C. P.

### To the Heights

*First on the Rope* has been translated by Janet Adam Smith from the French of R. Frison-Roche. It is a novel about the guides of Chamonix which, even though we are told that four hundred thousand copies have been sold in France, is not a good-sounding subject to readers who keep on flat land. In spite of scattered paragraphs about a girl it is not even a novel, in the usual sense, for it is packed with detailed descriptions of climbs and the life of a guide all the year round. Yet, as a book, it is a miracle. The accounts of vertigo, the conquest of fears, the selfishness of "clients," the dangers, escapes, tragedies, the beauty of mountains and the lovely loyalty of the guides make breath-taking reading. There is an astonishing chapter too about the annual battle (to discover the queen of the year) between cows that are driven up to the high pastures in spring. The translation must do justice to the original, or one would not be able to follow (step by step and hand by hand, it seems) the long climbs, or to share in the fear and the glory.

B. E. B.

### Books Reviewed Above

*Guns Wanted.* J. K. Stanford. (Faber, 15/-)  
*A Holiday Fisherman.* Maurice Headlam. (Robert Hale, 12/6)  
*The Language of Field Sports.* C. E. Hare. (Country Life, 15/-)  
*Nineteen Eighty-Four.* George Orwell. (Secker & Warburg, 10/-)  
*The Long Way Home.* Tang Sheng. (Hutchinson, 16/-)  
*Briefed to Attack.* Air Marshal Sir Hugh Lloyd. (Hodder and Stoughton, 18/-)  
*First on the Rope.* R. Frison-Roche: translated by Janet Adam Smith. (Methuen, 10/6)

### Other Recommended Books

*The Sea Shore.* C. M. Yonge. (Collins, 21/-) The latest in the admirably produced "New Naturalist" series. All about the plant and animal life to be found on the sea shore. 61 colour photographs, 62 black-and-white photographs, 88 figures in the 296 packed pages of text.  
*A New American History.* W. E. Woodward. (Faber, 18/-) First published 1938; third impression of a lively and readable history, from the earliest days to the New Deal. Well printed, thin paper (750 pp.), good index, good bibliography.  
*The Three Fears.* Jonathan Stagg. (Michael Joseph, 8/6) Mutual jealousy and murder among famous actresses at American holiday resort. Light, observant, satirical manner; neat solution.

## Stiff Letter

IT was the melancholy duty of the chief clerk to submit to the bank manager at closing time each day a list of all those customers who had by inadvertence or with malice aforethought exceeded the allotted limits of their overdrafts. To-day a grim smile played round his lips as he put the slip of paper in front of his superior, and then, backing to the door and making his usual low obeisance, withdrew from the Presence.

On this occasion the list bore the name of only a single malefactor. This, however, was one too many, and the manager leaned back in his richly-upholstered chair and rang the bell for Miss Puddock.

"Kindly take a letter, Miss Puddock," he said when she appeared, "to our client Mr. Smith-Copperweight. You can get his address from the ledger. Are you ready?"

"I am ready," said Miss Puddock, concealing her emotion with difficulty. It was the nineteenth stiff letter to be sent to Smith-Copperweight during the current month, and the previous eighteen had been progressively more and more unkind. A real rasper, she reflected sadly, might be expected to-day.

"Sir," the manager began. "On many occasions during the past few weeks I have called your attention to the fact that your overdraft has, for some time, been grossly in excess of the figures agreed between us in our interview of the 23rd ult. I have pointed out that without the deposit of further collateral my Directors would not permit me to grant extended credit. I have repeatedly urged you to make immediate efforts to reduce your indebtedness to the agreed figure, and to draw no more cheques until this has been done."

The manager removed his jacket and began to pace angrily up and down the room, and Miss Puddock trembled.

"To none of my letters," the manager continued, "have you seen fit to vouchsafe a reply, and instead of paying into your account to reduce the figures, you have frivolously and recklessly scattered cheques all over the town like confetti. As advised in my letter under yesterday's date, your overdraft at the opening of business to-day amounted to £69 14s. 11d. I tried to make it clear in my letter of yesterday that no further cheques would be honoured."

The manager removed his collar and tie and took a few sips of water from the glass always kept on his desk for use in his more eloquent moments.



*"The food is absolutely uneatable, AND such tiny portions . . ."*

"What is my disgust and amazement," he went on, "to find that no fewer than three more cheques have been presented to-day, all payable to 'Self' and obviously exchanged for cash at various hostels in the neighbourhood. My first impulse was to mark them all 'Refer to Drawer' and return them, and in this drastic action I should undoubtedly have had the approval and support of my Directors. In view of the damage this would do to your credit in the town, I have hitherto held my hand and honoured them. Please understand, however, that my patience and the patience of my

Directors is now at an end. Should any further cheques be presented before the account has been put in order they will not be met, and I shall reluctantly be compelled to ask you to close the account and transfer your patronage to another bank."

Miss Puddock rose.

"Will that be all for to-night?" she asked.

"That will be all, Miss Puddock. Mr. Leatherfoot will sign the letter as I have to hurry away to meet my wife. Good night, Miss Puddock."

"Good night, Mr. Copperweight-Smith."

D. H. BARBER

# Travel Note

Algiers—Bone

A COOL breeze was blowing up the street from the sea. Inside the Air Line office we sat about waiting for the autobus to the airport. It was 9 A.M. We had been there since seven.

The clerk at the desk kept on saying it was better to get there later than sooner if you got there safely. This Air Line, we understood, got you there exceptionally safely.

At 9.15 we three decided to have a second breakfast. That bolted cup of early morning coffee seemed far enough away to justify it. Marcel had not even had that. He hadn't shaved either as he didn't want to miss the plane. Marcel was Editor of the *Dépêche de Bone* and smoked too much.

It was my idea to have a second breakfast. Marcel and Robert agreed so eagerly I felt the guilt of all those who cultivate ulterior motives.

We were halfway across the street to the café when the bus turned up. I knew that was going to happen. It always does. Only you must never let on you did not really want a second breakfast.

There is a difference between buses going to the airport and those taking passengers away. In the former that tension has its slight beginning which mounts rapidly until the plane is airborne. In the latter one notes the blasé lassitude of those accustomed to air travel.

The Maison Blanche Airport presented a particularly peaceful scene. There were no aircraft at all.

"I think," said Marcel slowly, "we should partake of some *petit déjeuner*."

The coffee tasted as coffee can. We also had cognac and ham rolls wrapped in cellophane. Very crisp rolls and definitely ham. It was 11 A.M. We

had come twelve miles in four hours. We felt very safe.

After breakfast a capacious air liner was trundled up by two tractors almost but not quite to the buffet where we were sitting. So we got into the bus again.

Describing a wide sweep we began to creep up on it from the opposite direction. Very neatly the driver stopped so that the exit coincided with the aircraft's entrance. We walked up a narrow plank.

The Air Hostess happened to be a host. Robert said that the hostesses were kept for the more fashionable routes. This was kind of him. My mind had bounded to another conclusion.

The host distributed very bulky magazines which would take a long time to read. I strapped myself down and started to measure with my eye the distance between me and the emergency exit.

Under its own power the liner lumbered across the field and turned into a faint breeze. I could just see a glint of sun on the window of the buffet where we had breakfasted.

The engines roared and the aircraft stood still. Number One engine. Number Three, Number Two and Number Four. I fingered my strap and did some more measuring. The engines roared again, less loudly this time, but we moved.

I could see the end of the field. We were fairly moving. Quite perceptibly the tail went up. At the same moment the engines cut dead and we could suddenly hear wind hissing.

I looked at the host. Judging by the colour of his skin he was definitely a European. Everyone else sat suspiciously still and said nothing. My safety strap cut viciously into my

stomach so I was spared the sight of the end of the field approaching. We stopped with inches to spare, anyway.

As we were having our fourth breakfast the host came up to say we would be leaving again in half an hour. According to Robert, who'd been in the Air Force, the chief pilot had noticed that the artificial horizon wasn't working and taken a *magnifique* split-second decision not to take off. Safety first. We were having *magnifique* cognac. The beverage most appropriate, we decided, to such a rarely indulged in meal.

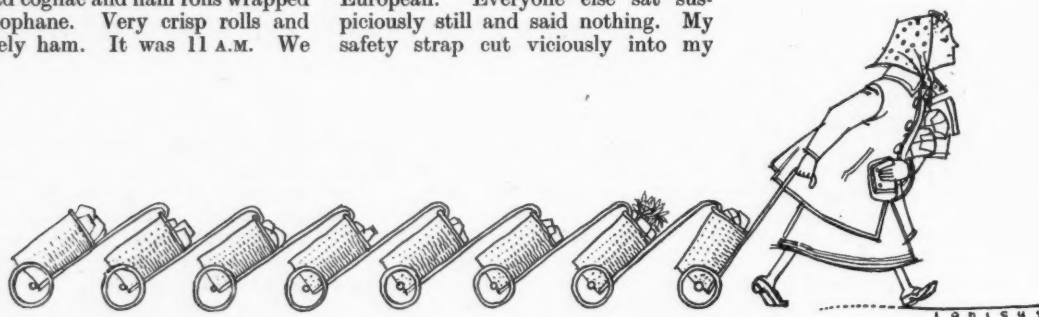
It was this magnificence, no doubt, which accorded me its protection for the remainder of the journey. Certainly the next event I remember at all decisively was jolting along the cobbled boulevard of Bone in a fiacre. Outside a goodish quantity of rain was slanting down on some nicely cultivated palms. A small quantity of this was thrilling down my neck.

At the hotel those who had come from Algiers by train had got all the best rooms.

## Hot News

"Come to THE GOSPEL HALL semi-open-air meeting, 67 Gt. Victoria St. on Friday Night Next (To-morrow) at 8.30, and hear of

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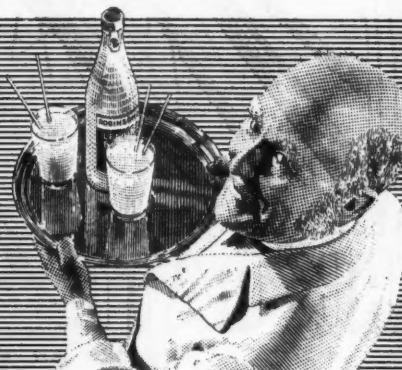
In fighting infection in your own home, learn from the hospital. Before and after dressing a wound or treating the infectious patient, always wash your hands in a solution of 'Dettol'. In contact with the patient wear a clean overall, and leave it in the sick-room. Disinfect bowls, utensils and all bed linen in a solution of **'DETTOL'**

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## At Wimbledon again with the Stars

says OLD HETHERS

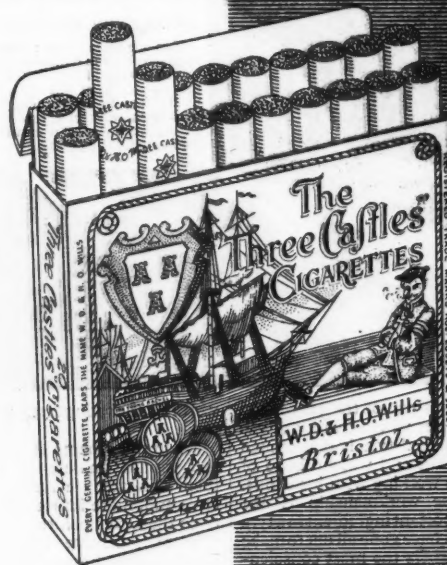
Yes, Madam, we're at Wimbledon again this summer. It's a good many years now since I first supplied Robinson's Barley Water on the Centre Court, and 1949 finds us still there. A compliment to me? Well it's kind of you to say so, Sir, but of course it's to Robinson's the credit should go. You see you couldn't expect first class tennis players with so much at stake to go on drinking Robinson's Lemon Barley Water unless they felt it was really good for them.



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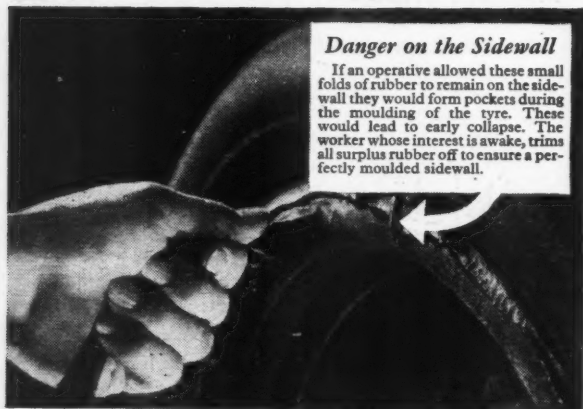


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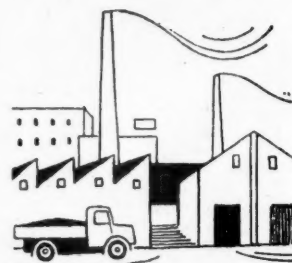
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\* A short extract from the Road Test Report on the Rover 75 published in The Autocar for February 4th, 1949

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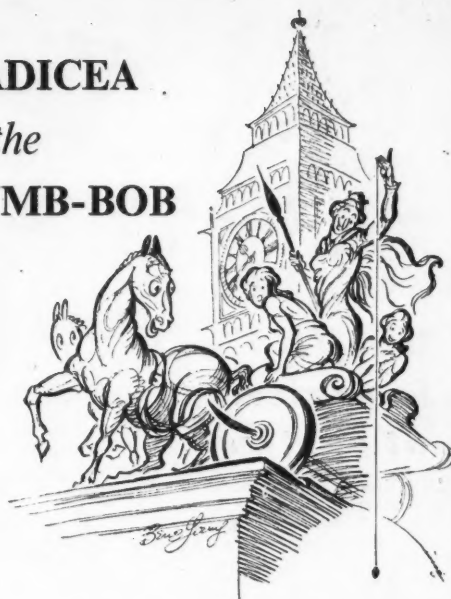
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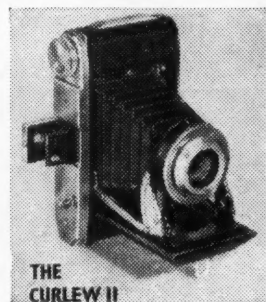
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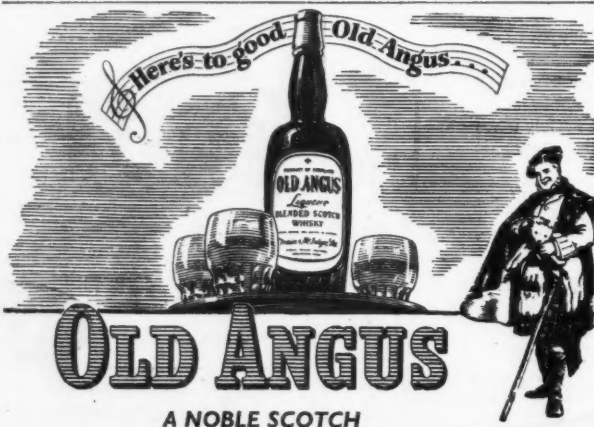
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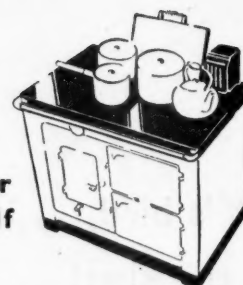
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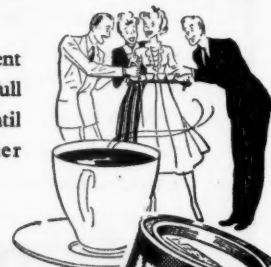
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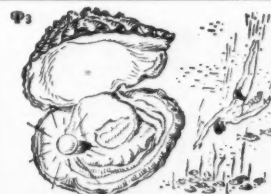
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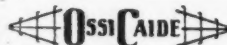


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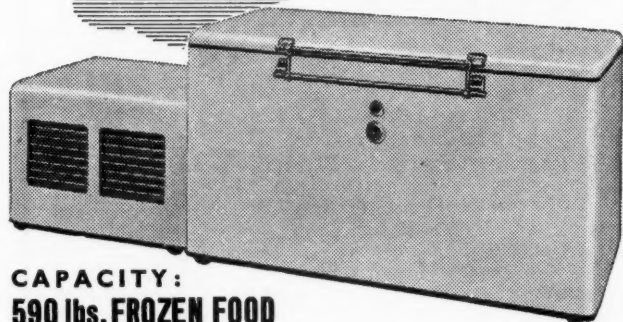


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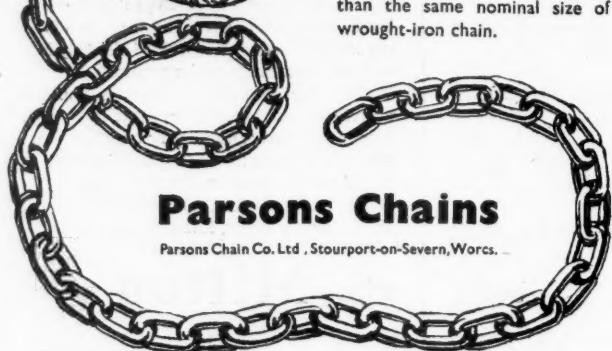
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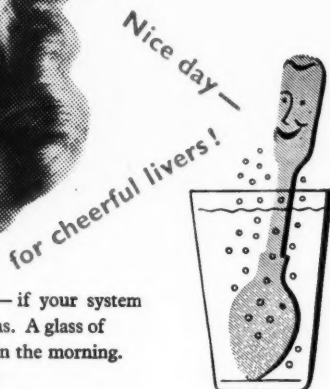
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HERE AT LAST is a way to cut out summer glare without dimming the things you want to see. Ordinary sun glasses darken everything you look at. Only with Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields can you see every detail and colour. They are comfortable to wear and absolutely safe for your eyes.

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- Ordinary tinted glass dims the glare and the useful 'seeing' light as well.
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Polaroid Day Glasses and Sunshields from opticians, chemists and leading stores.



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The film that clouds your smile is hard to shift. It is active with harmful bacteria that can pit tooth-enamel, and tartar may form that only your dentist can remove.

Pepsodent's exclusive Irium emulsifies and washes away film; then Pepsodent's wonderful polishing agent gives enamel a polish that affords no foothold for germs. Brush your teeth with

Dinky, clinging film, alive with harmful bacteria, forms from saliva and food-debris, clouds the shining beauty of your smile, and may pit precious tooth-enamel and lead to decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium, which kills clinging film, leaves teeth gleaming-white.

Pepsodent after meals, and visit your dentist twice a year — for white teeth that will last.

**NEW!** Pepsodent's new foaminess and mintiness make tooth-cleaning a joy. Try Pepsodent for yourself, and see how after just one week the Irium in it makes your teeth gleam, your mouth feel always beautifully fresh.

THE IRIUM IN *Pepsodent* FIGHTS FILM

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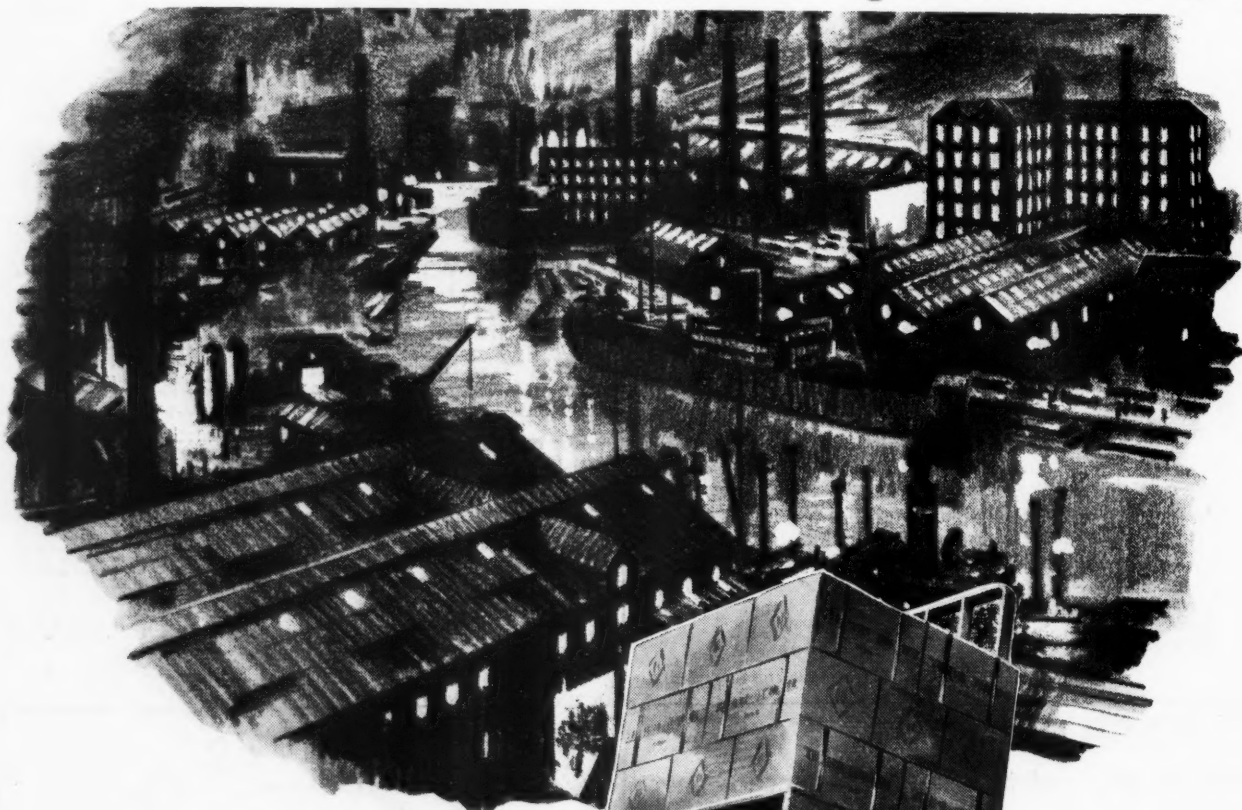
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*To produce more we must produce faster.*

When we look at the methods of our rivals for world trade, we find that their higher productivity is due neither to greater skill nor to cheaper labour: it is due to better equipment. Our competitors give their manpower much more horsepower than we do.

Our problem is clear, and so is the lesson: mechanisation, to speed and to cheapen production. We must cut out the time and money wasted in old-fashioned methods of handling and trundling. Needless time spent in handling merely adds

to the cost of goods: it adds nothing to their value. We must hand handling over to what British engineers make supremely well—the machine.

Here, now, and made in Britain, is a machine which handles; carries, lifts, stacks and loads almost anything, 2,000 to 6,000 lb. at a time. It is a machine for speeding production. We may use it, or we may delay using it. But we cannot evade the issue: only with higher productivity can Britain compete—or even survive.



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